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LOW Caricature: Sir John Simon

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . *Page* 797
BACK TO ANARCHY? 800
UNCONTROLLED CAPITALISM 801
A REVOLUTION IGNORED.—I. By S. C. Leslie . 802
STORM TROOPS AT TWICKENHAM. By Y. Y. . . 803
THE WILL AND THE DEED. By MacFlecknoe . 805
A LONDON DIARY 805
CORRESPONDENCE 806
From "Vigilantes"; J. Mahoney-Shea Lawlor; Sir Daniel Hall; Gerald Gould; C. E. M. Joad; Mrs. C. D. Rackham; A. Mitchell Innes; Maurice Baring; Dame Ethel Smyth; Cambridge Graduate; Erin.
SIR JOHN SIMON 808
DECEMBER GALLERIES. By John Piper . . . 809
SOME MODERN MUSIC. By W. J. Turner . . . 810
WINTER SUN. By Philip Henderson . . . 810
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . *Page* 811
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 812
REVIEWS:
- Nijinsky. By James Strachey 813
- New Novels. By Peter Quennell 814
- Controlled Capitalism 816
- The Wind and the Rain. By Barrington Gates . 816
- A Shocking Portrait. By Raymond Mortimer . 818
- Fatuity 818
- Indoor Games 820
- Synthetic Adventure. By A. Calder Marshall . 820
- The Seasons 822

SHORTER NOTICES 822
ABOUT MOTORING 824
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 826
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 828

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WE are rapidly drifting back to the pre-war position in which the question is not how to procure general disarmament, but how to stop our own Government taking part in an armament race. The press campaign for a huge air force is intensified while the Government spokesmen seem set on preparing the public mind for the moment when they think fit gracefully to yield to it. On the question of air armaments, it is difficult to see how Lord Londonderry can answer Lord Arnold's charge of misleading the House of Lords and the country.

* * *

The Minister for Air said that "with the exception of Germany, not a single one of the Great Powers has formally assented to the principle of the abolition of naval and military aviation. . . . There is no proposition among the Great Powers, with the exception of Germany, for the abolition of naval and military aviation unconditionally . . ." What are the facts? The total abolition of military and naval aviation has been formally advocated by Russia as well as by Germany and a large number of other Powers, including Spain; Italy's only reservation was that light reconnaissance planes should be retained; the United States has advocated the abolition of bombing planes and of all war planes within a fixed period. On the question of air bombing there is universal agreement except on the part of Iraq, Siam, Japan and Great Britain! As for France, M. Paul-Boncour has warmly supported the Spanish proposition that civil aviation should be internationalised and military aviation abolished. There are in fact very few countries which have not advocated air disarmament. Thus Lord Londonderry's statement seems formally incorrect as well as generally misleading; it is clear that its intention was to suggest that while this country might have been prepared for air disarmament, other countries were not. Precisely the opposite is the case. We have obstructed those countries which have seen in the internationalisation of civil aviation and the abolition of military aviation one of the few constructive and practical roads to peace.

Capitalism at its Worst

The Newfoundland Bill has passed its second reading in the House of Commons. It was vigorously opposed by the Labour Party on the ground that it imposes an unjustifiable burden on the British taxpayers, for the benefit, not of the hard-hit common people of Newfoundland, but of the banks, moneylenders and stock-holders who have been exploiting them. The report of the Commission, as Major Attlee pointed out, tells a tale not merely of corruption and incompetence, but of an extraordinarily vicious system of capitalism. The fishermen have had "the prices of their fish fixed for them by the merchants who were their only buyers; the prices of their supplies were fixed for them by the same merchants who were their only suppliers, and the same merchants were the only providers of credit." What are the prospects under the new regime—that is to say, the direct administration of the British Government—that this dirty business of "truck and credit" will be abolished? The spokesmen of the Dominions Office are optimistic. They promise a policy of "reconstruction," though this must develop, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald says, "comparatively slowly." The truck system is "so deeply ingrained both among the merchants and the fishermen that an alteration can only be effected gradually." If "gradually" means as quickly as possible, and if this is to be accompanied by other genuine reforms, both economic and political, then—and then only—the taking over of Newfoundland may be justified. It will be a severe test for Whitehall.

Terrorism in Spain

The insurrection that broke out in Spain last week-end appears, for the present at least, to be now all over bar the shouting. It was engineered by the Anarchist and Syndicalist factions, and it was not only a horrible, but an insensate affair. Bombing and shooting, the cutting of electric currents, the burning of churches and the wrecking of trains—what was to be hoped for from these outrages? It is difficult to believe that even the stupidest of their instigators thought they could overthrow the regime and usher in the new age. Support seems to have been given to the movement, here and there, by Socialist workmen, mostly under duress. And no doubt strong—and maybe inflammatory—language was used by some Socialist speakers during the recent elections. But the Socialist Party and their industrial organisation, the General Union of Labour, have repudiated and condemned the policy of terrorism, and attempts to saddle them with responsibility have no justification. They have obviously nothing to gain by madness of this sort, and it looks now as if their hopes of a "united front of Labour" (if those hopes were ever serious) will have suffered a setback. One certain result of the outburst will be to strengthen the hand of the reactionaries. But they evidently have no policy that will make the Spaniards a happy family.

Justice at Leipzig

The trial of the men accused of setting fire to the Reichstag has reached its final stage. We have yet to hear of any single individual outside Germany who believes in the guilt of the four Communists. Dr. Werner, the prosecuting counsel, is reduced in his concluding speech to denouncing Van der Lubbe (who was meanwhile sleeping peacefully) for setting fire to the Reichstag in order to stimulate the Communist Party to greater activity, and to arguing that the other accused, while no parties to the arson themselves, were morally responsible because they were plotting a revolution. During this latter "political" stage of the trial, as Dimitrov has consistently pointed out, the relevant issue has been whether the Reichstag Fire was to be the signal for an armed rising (for which there is no scrap of evidence), not whether the Communists were making preparations for a revolution in March. But the comparatively judicial atmosphere of the early days of the trial, which roused Göring to his furious outburst in court, has been thrown aside in the last few weeks. Dimitrov, the one active defendant (Popov and Tanev talk no German, and Torgler only raises small points of law), has been denied his right to ask questions. He has been compelled to write down his questions: his judges have then considered them in private and allowed a few of them. During these last weeks Dr. Sack, Torgler's lawyer, has been absent from the court for some fifteen days, and like Teichert, the Bulgarians' lawyer, has taken little or no part in the proceedings. Clearly the question of sentence is purely one of expediency. The German Government has to consider whether, in view of Göring's renewed demand for a sentence, it is willing to convict itself in the eyes of the world of sentencing innocent men to satisfy the blood lust of Göring and his storm troopers.

Germany and Her Creditors

Dr. Schacht's speech at Basle on Monday, following on the abortive negotiations between the Reichsbank and Germany's principal creditors, has caused a sharp fall in German bonds on foreign markets, including the Dawes and Young loans. For Dr. Schacht seemed to be plainly foreshadowing a further default, despite the expressed opinion of the creditors that Germany can at any rate afford to continue payment of her debts on the already reduced scale. Since the partial moratorium now in force was concluded, there has been an increase in the Reichsbank's holdings of gold and foreign exchange, and also an improvement in Germany's trade balance. On the face of the matter, there is certainly no case for a further reduction in German payments. Dr. Schacht pleads the growth of the competition of exports subsidised by currency depreciation—especially from Japan, America and Great Britain—as a cause of Germany's inability to pay. But the fact remains that there has been an improvement in the German export surplus. It is not easy to know what Dr. Schacht would be at. Is he perhaps attempting to use the threat of further default as a weapon in the political game which the Nazis are trying to play with the other Great Powers? It looks very much like it.

The Dollar

Conflicting rumours continue to cross the Atlantic in an unending stream. "President Roosevelt's policy is utterly unchanged." "President Roosevelt has decided to stabilise the dollar." "President Roosevelt has authorised the Federal Reserve Bank of New York to open discussions with the Bank of England as to the terms of stabilisation." "President Roosevelt is about to inflate." "President Roosevelt has decided definitely against inflation." Amid all this buzz, the facts are that America has not altered her buying price for gold, and that the dollar has been feeling better. But these indications do not necessarily mean much. There were sound reasons for not wishing the dollar to fall further while the American Government was carrying through a large borrowing operation; and rumours of impending stabilisation served a useful purpose in temporarily improving the Government's credit. In truth, no one knows what the President's intentions are for more than a few days ahead. What is clear is that all the recent attacks upon him from Big Business and "sound money" quarters have not shaken his influence in the country. This week the manufacturers' convention has declared emphatically in favour of the N.R.A., and the President's stock is rising again in the agricultural areas. There has been talk about possible terms of stabilisation between the New York Federal Reserve Bank and the Bank of England; but nothing has been done that in any way commits Mr. Roosevelt. His policy is still that of the free hand and the open mind.

The Budget Fight in France

Budgets, as we all know, are not one of the things that they order better in France. But it looks as if M. Chautemps' Government may succeed where others have failed. Their Finance Bill got over its first hurdle in the Chamber last Monday, thanks to the abstention of the Socialists, and it is awaiting discussion in the Senate as we write. Nobody likes the Government's proposals, and if they are carried it will only be because the alternative—a grave financial and political crisis—is even more unpalatable. The business community would prefer more economies and less taxation; the victims of the economy cuts see it the other way round, though the indirect taxes in France are undoubtedly a heavy burden—heavier relatively, to British notions at least, than the direct. There are new taxes in the present Budget on petrol, agricultural profits and foreign labour, and a 50 per cent. increase in stamp duties and a number of other imposts which were reduced in 1929 and 1930. Cuts in the pay of civil servants, which are declared to be only temporary, run from 2 per cent. on salaries of 12,000 francs to 8 per cent. on salaries of over 100,000 francs. The relief which the French, like other peoples, ought to get from a reduction of their large military expenditure is barred, as they think, by the naughtiness of Germany. It is in fact barred by the general lunacy, to which France has contributed her full share.

Vandalism in London

What would be said to a Bill for replacing St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey and the Inns of Court by Government Offices to be designed by Sir Reginald Blomfield and Sir Herbert Baker? Such a Bill, instead of being howled down as a *reductio ad absurdum* of our present methods, would probably receive the blessings of the L.C.C. and be passed by a large majority of the House of Commons. The Office of Works, the London Passenger Transport Board, and even the Trustees of the British Museum, regard buildings with the unerring eye of Big Game Hunters—" That is rare, beautiful and irreplaceable—let us destroy it." They do not need to worry about St. Paul's and the High at Oxford, for these are being gently shaken down by man-made earthquakes. But Bedford Square, being the finest undamaged square in London, affords an ideal prey. The London Transport Board now proposes to run trolley-buses round it, and the British Museum, which owns some of the houses, is making them uninhabitable by building the new Elgin Marbles room right up against their back windows. We shall then be told that no one can be found to live in Bedford Square, and that economic principles require its destruction. Many would rather see London without the Elgin Marbles than without Bedford Square. Again, in St. James's Square, already disfigured, a new monster, looking like a penitentiary, is now being completed, and the housebreakers are busy on another fine house there, in place of which will rise some Medusa of whose features we have not yet been informed. To write querulous letters to the *Times*, after the event, is futile. What is required is a commission to mark as " National Monuments " such noble architecture as still survives and to forbid their destruction. And on this commission there should be no knighted architects; for they have a vested interest in the destruction of masterpieces.

The Housing Scandal

The Government's trifling with the housing problem was again exposed in a House of Lords debate on Tuesday. The attack was led by the Bishops and was supported from all sides. It is in regard to the provision of new houses, as the Bishop of Winchester said, that Sir Hilton Young's policy is most lamentable. A million houses are wanted, and we are promised 465,000 at the end of five years—by which time 300,000 new families will have come into existence. Demands for a National Housing Corporation were met by Lord Moyne with the objection that that would be destructive of private enterprise, which, he declared, had not had " a really effective run since 1910." This in face of all the facts is a ludicrously ineffective reply. There is indeed not the slightest basis for the belief that private enterprise will or can do what is necessary. As for Lord Gage, who was left by the Government to hold the baby, he cut a pathetic figure. The Bishop of Winchester asked him some straightforward questions about the number of houses at a rental of not more than 10*s*. a week that are required, and the Ministry's estimates of the number of such houses that will be provided by local authorities and by private builders. His answer was that he could give no statistics, but that the Minister of Health was satisfied that he was doing the best that could be done. The Bishop expressed grave disappointment. Others of us will use stronger language of the incompetence and cynicism of Sir Hilton Young and his department.

Local Authorities and Unemployment

It was obvious from the first that the Government would have to recede from its attempt to make the depressed areas pay, equally with the rest, their share of that part of the cost of unemployment which the Unemployment Bill leaves to be borne by the local authorities. The indignation provoked by this attempt was strong in every area affected, and Conservative as well as Labour M.P.s joined in the protest against it. By giving way on this point, at an estimated cost of £300,000 to the Exchequer, Mr. Chamberlain has tried to take the edge off the opposition to the wider claim that the local authorities in general should bear a share of the burden. He admits that it is quite beyond their power to prevent unemployment, and he has perforce agreed to reduce their share to a mere five per cent. of the total cost. But to this five per cent. he clings with obstinacy, on the ground that the local unemployed ought, as a matter of principle, to cost the local authority something. Why ought it? No principle that we know of can be invoked in support of his view; for there is no principle at all behind the extraordinary variations in the incidence of the cost of different services on local and national funds. The question is really one of expediency; and there appears to be no sound reason why, if the Exchequer is to bear 95 per cent. of the cost, it should not bear 100 per cent., and have done with it. The imposition of the 5 per cent. on the ratepayers is mere pedantry.

BACK TO ANARCHY ?

FASCIST States are by their nature anarchistic. It is no accident that the three States which have openly thrown over the League are Japan, Germany and Italy. In these Fascist countries government is irresponsible; within their territories the only opinion that may be expressed is Government opinion, and the only political view permitted is one that makes the State a sacred and final institution whose expansion and power justify every aggression. It was this doctrine, accepted by every pre-war State but held in its crudest form in imperialist Germany, that plunged Europe into war in 1914. As long as this theory holds sway wars are inevitable. It was to end this theory, to make Governments responsible at the bar of international opinion, to see that disputes were settled by an international court and that the aggressor met with the united opposition of other States, that the League of Nations was founded. It is because the League idea must conflict with the sovereignty of the State, because it puts a check on imperialistic and militarist ambitions, that Germany, Japan and Italy aim to destroy it. And it is because the other Powers have also been in the last resort unwilling to run risks in the interests of general peace that the wreckers are likely to succeed. After fifteen years in which we have at least pretended to be substituting law for anarchy, Mussolini has a colourable pretext in asking us to join him in re-creating anarchy.

What are his mitigating phrases for anarchy? He puts it that the present League has failed, that the Treaty needs separating from the Covenant, that we should substitute a new League of the seven Great Powers, unencumbered by the troublesome meddling of the small States. It needs no very deep insight to see through these phrases. The League has failed not because of any faults in its constitution, but because the Great Powers which have demanded it have refused to work its provisions. It failed first because the other Powers gave way to Japan; it looks like finally failing because, having refused reasonable concessions to Germany in the past, the Powers are now confronted with a resolute Germany which has called their bluff. Germany did not leave the League because of anything Sir John Simon said on October 14th. More than twelve months have passed since Hitler told Papen that when he came to power he would repudiate the League altogether and arm Germany, whatever anyone said. Germany left the League because Hitler thought he could get his own way more quickly by doing so. If Germany or Italy wished to change the constitution of the League, Article XXVI explicitly enabled them to do so. They have never invoked that article. Mussolini suggests separating the Treaty from the Covenant in order to simplify the problem of Treaty revision. How will it do so? The facts of Europe are not altered because the fiat goes forth from Rome or Berlin instead of from Geneva. The smaller States, which would be asked to give up territory, do not cease to exist because Mussolini prefers that they should not have Geneva as a platform. This week we have had an explicit declaration from Dr. Benes and M. Titulescu that "revision means war." And if Czechoslovakia and Rumania will not give up territory to Hungary without fighting, are the Poles expected to surrender the Corridor when Hitler and Mussolini politely ask them to? It is nonsense to suggest that the seven Great Powers could agree on a policy of revision and peace outside the League which the League Powers could not agree upon inside it. This new Holy Alliance would not work any better than the Holy Alliance of a century ago, because it would consist of States which all distrusted one another and which regarded their own interests as paramount. We have not heard Mussolini offer to restore the Tyrol to Austria, though if we are talking about Treaty revision injustice is quite as glaring in the Tyrol as anywhere else in Europe. Will the Holy Alliance persuade Great Britain to give up her colonial mandates for Germany to govern without a mandate? We do not imagine that Mussolini expects France to agree to the destruction of her allies in Eastern Europe, or that Japan will give up Manchukuo for the asking, or that Russia or the United States, now in agreement in face of Japanese aggression, will be exactly anxious to help in the task of recarving Europe in the interests of Germany or Hungary. In any case what does Mussolini mean by talk of changing them "within the shortest possible time"? Since the Governments concerned will resist every inch of the way the only quick way of changing them would be by war—and that might not prove to be quick. And we are all pledged to resist any country which attempts to alter frontiers by force. Mussolini only dares to talk this particular brand of dangerous nonsense because he believes that the British Government, which holds the key to the situation, is at heart only one degree less anarchistic than he is himself.

For the attitude of the British Government is the decisive factor. If it cared to stand by the League, the League might be on the point of revival, not of demise. Italy is only a fair-weather friend to Germany: she is not in a strategic or economic position to defy England and France, and her closeness to Germany is merely an index of her success in playing the one country off against the other. Germany, not yet rearmed, could be brought back to reasonable discussion if the remaining League Powers in Europe stood together and demanded that the questions of revising the constitution of the League and reconsidering the frontiers of Versailles were properly discussed under Articles XXVI and XIX. That is one policy the Government could adopt. The other is to admit that our consciences are all too bad to enable us to stand by the Covenant and the Treaties and in effect to concede whatever Germany demands. We may save our faces by conversations in Paris, and Sir John Simon may reach some understandings in his tour of Europe. But the result of not standing squarely by the collective peace system can scarcely be any other than to let Germany have her own way. And even if a "rearmament convention" which grants Germany her 300,000 trained effectives is accepted by France and her allies—which is unlikely—it stands little or no chance of general ratification. The result will in fact be general rearmament and a return to pre-war anarchy.

It is only too clear that this is already the private view of the British Government. It has never believed in disarmament; it is now planning increased arms. If it were honest it would say that since Sovereign States will not disarm, and cannot do anything but quarrel, the only course is to arm (as Lord Rothermere puts it) until the budget sets a limit to armaments. We are not referring only to the new cruisers announced by the British Government, but also to the even more significant attitude of Lord Londonderry in last week's House of Lords debate on the future of aviation. We deal elsewhere with the details of his speech. Its general significance is apparent. He was very obviously clearing the ground for a statement that air disarmament has failed and that we must therefore arm just as everyone else is arming. Whether the Government is to come out in favour of Mr. Garvin's thousand war planes or Lord Rothermere's five thousand, we do not know. But its drift is sufficiently clear. It is clear, too, that whatever the upshot of the rearmament conversations, the disarmament conference under the presidency of Mr. Henderson is a farce, and a dangerous farce too, since it deludes well-meaning people into the notion that something is being done about disarmament. We hope that Mr. Henderson, whose patient and honest work for peace is acknowledged by everyone, will get out of this hypocrisy when the Bureau meets again in January. He must not let himself be misled by the interested requests of politicians who urge him to remain in order to obtain some convention, however valueless. The ship disarmament has already been scuttled by its pirate crew, and it is natural that they should be anxious for the captain to remain on board since he might otherwise return home and give evidence of their activities. Mr. Henderson has a great opportunity of leadership if he comes back and tells the truth about our own and other Governments at the Disarmament Conference.

UNCONTROLLED CAPITALISM

When the representatives of the Miners' Federation went to call on Mr. MacDonald this week, they went no doubt without great hopes of anything coming of the interview. The Prime Minister had been putting them off for so long that it was obvious in advance that he would have nothing very helpful to say. All the same the miners insisted on seeing him; for they wished to remind him once again of what they are unanimous in regarding as a serious breach of faith. When the Miners' Federation agreed to a prolongation of the seven and a half hours' day, it was on the clear understanding that wages would be regulated as well. In view of the owners' continued objection to a National Wages Board, the control of wages took temporarily the form of a guarantee that existing rates would not be reduced. This guarantee was given in the first instance for a year, during which the discussions about a permanent form of wage-fixing machinery were to be pursued. The year went by, and nothing was done; the owners still refused to have anything to do with any national wage-machinery at all, and the Government, though it professed to favour a National Board, would not coerce the owners. But, despite the failure to set up permanent machinery, at the end of the year the temporary wage-guarantee was allowed to lapse, while the miners still remained subject to the longer working day, of which they had throughout regarded the fixing of wage-rates as a correlative. Since then the Miners' Federation has been persistently bombarding the Secretary of Mines and the Prime Minister for a plain declaration of policy; but none has been forthcoming, and none is even now forthcoming after this week's interview.

In much the same way, the workers in the cotton industry are pressing the Government to take some effective step to control the wage-position. In this case there are in force collective agreements concluded between the employees and the Trade Unions and countersigned by the Ministry of Labour, which was responsible for the negotiations that led up to them. But it is common knowledge that the agreements, which have no legal force, are not being observed by a considerable number of employers; and attempts by the Unions to bring the defaulting firms to book have not succeeded. Accordingly the Trade Unions want, not the fixing of wages by the State, but the effective enforcement on all employers of voluntary agreements entered into by the representative bodies on both sides.

In both these industries the question of wages is in the forefront of the present difficulties. But behind the wage question there lurks the larger problem of industrial reorganisation. The cotton operatives are by now convinced that it is impracticable to get reasonable wages paid or collective agreements duly observed as long as the cotton trade remains in the deplorable condition of muddle in which it has been for years past. And the miners are equally certain, though their industry is under a form of partial regulation imposed by the last Labour Government, that there will never be reasonable conditions of employment until the problem of colliery reorganisation has been taken thoroughly in hand.

The cotton Trade Unions have drawn up in collaboration with the Trades Union Congress, and presented to the employers, a complete scheme for the control and reorganisation of the cotton trade. Under this scheme it is proposed that there should be set up a Cotton Control Board, with full power to close down or amalgamate businesses, and to take entire charge of the marketing of cotton goods, as well as of research and other activities in the interests of the trade as a whole. The Unions propose that the membership of this Board should, with the exception of a chairman chosen by the Government, be appointed wholly from the industry—employers and workers in equal numbers—and from the merchant interests. They want it to have power, when a collective agreement has been made, to declare it binding upon the entire trade. In order to reinforce the Board's authority, they want every firm in the industry to hold a licence, which the Board will be empowered to take away if any firm violates an agreement, or for certain other causes. They want licences to be issued in the first instance to all existing firms; but they propose that the licensing system shall be used to restrict the entry of new firms into an industry in which productive capacity is already far in excess of market demand.

The salient feature of this scheme is that, while it is proposed to institute it by Act of Parliament and to make the Board's decisions effective, where necessary, by giving them parliamentary sanction as statutory orders, the entire control and reorganisation of the industry is left under it to representatives of the industry itself, with only the addition of a chairman who is to occupy more or less the position of an arbitrator in case of difference. In other words, the very people who have allowed the industry to get into the present mess are relied on to get it out again, with the help of Trade Union representatives who will form a minority of the Board, even if the chairman is left out of account. This disparity arises because, whereas the employers are balanced by representatives of the operatives, the merchants are not. That, however, is not the main point; the real question is whether there is the smallest hope that a Board primarily representing the existing interests in the cotton trade will ever be prepared to take the drastic action needed to set the trade again firmly on its feet.

It can indeed be argued that, on the evidence of what has happened, a body drawn from outside the industry is no more likely to be effective than a representative Board. This alternative method was adopted when the Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission was constituted under the late Labour Government. That was some years ago; but the progress made with the work of reorganisation under the Commission's auspices is so far practically nil. The collieries in three or four tiny coalfields have indeed been ordered to amalgamate; but until the last month or two the Commission appeared to be letting the major coalfields severely alone. It has now indeed ordered the owners in West Yorkshire and one or two other large areas to enter into closer working arrangements; but in these cases it apparently means to stop short of any attempt to impose amalgamations or financial unifications of the existing concerns. It seems as if the sullen opposition of the owners to all major measures of reorganisation would continue easily to defeat the not very energetic efforts of the Commission.

For this the Commissioners are far less to blame than the Government. Obviously the Commission cannot stand up to the recalcitrant colliery owners unless it can rely on the Government's backing. But that, we imagine, it cannot do; the Government clearly regards the Commission as a means, not of tackling, but of shelving, the vital problem of reorganisation. The situation is that in both the coal and the cotton industries, a body based on the employers will not work because most of the employers will not want it to work, and will do their best to sabotage it; whereas an outside body appointed by the Government will not work either, because it will not receive the necessary support for any measure of enforced reorganisation that it may propose.

At least, this has been the situation up to the present time. There have, however, been rumours during the past few weeks that the Government, having tasted blood in the form of Mr. Elliot's marketing schemes, is now considering a change of policy, and contemplating the use of compulsion in order to bring about industrial rationalisation. Until we see a concrete project of this sort actually brought forward by the Government, we shall remain sceptical; for any attempt to apply compulsion to large-scale businesses would run directly counter to the policy that the Government has been pursuing hitherto. Herr Hitler, and Dr. Brüning before him, could do that sort of thing in Germany; Signor Mussolini could do it in Italy; President Roosevelt could do it on the grand scale in the United States under the N.R.A. And, of course, Japan could do it, and so help her traders and producers to undercut ours in the world market. But "hands off Big Business" has so far been a sacred principle with our National Government, which has confined its coercive measures to the farmers, and seen there that they go hand in hand with rich rewards for obedience.

In our basic industries, in the steel and shipbuilding trades as well as in coal and cotton, the question is one not of rewards but of rescue work. For, though there has been of late some improvement in the state of trade, and the industrial outlook is certainly brighter than it has been for a long time, this does not mean that these industries no longer stand in need of drastic reorganisation. On the contrary, it means that their chance of re-establishing themselves on secure foundations if industrial conditions continue to improve depends on their setting their house in order. We have no love for State-controlled capitalism for its own sake. We regard it as an essentially inferior and transitional system, with the merits neither of a flourishing *laisser faire* capitalism nor of Socialism. But for the moment the choice does not lie between these alternatives. Socialism is ruled out as long as the present Government can stay in office; and normal *laisser faire* capitalist enterprise is ruled out because so many of the firms in the basic industries are virtually in pawn, and quite unable to raise capital to bring their plant up to date or to adapt their methods to modern needs. The resistance to reorganisation is not all individualist stupidity; quite a lot of it arises from the knowledge that if the finances have to be straightened out for purposes of grouping or amalgamation, losses now concealed will be brought to light, and the existing owners and shareholders find themselves simply dispossessed of properties that are proved to have no net value after meeting their debts.

In such a situation, compulsion is the only method that can possibly achieve results. But compulsion of this sort clearly cannot be expected to come from any representative organisation of the trade itself. It involves far too courageous a facing of unpleasant realities. For this reason reorganisation can come only from a Government that is prepared to take up a determined attitude, and to push an approved policy through to the end even if it offends powerful vested interests. Can the National Government so change its spots as to adopt such a policy? We can hardly believe it. But, unless it can, however much talk there may be, we shall continue to whistle for the much-needed reorganisation of our basic industries.

A REVOLUTION IGNORED

I.

[*This article, with the second part which will appear in a few weeks' time, forms a special section of the series on advertising which is appearing in these columns. It deals with the relations between advertising, retail shopping, and the wider trends of the distributive system.*—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

A PROCESS of increasingly rapid change is at work in that part of the commercial system of Britain which is concerned with making and selling things of common consumption. This process may have such notable economic and social effects that the little attention it has hitherto attracted is surprising. Thirty or forty years ago, when madam went shopping, her typical act of purchase was to ask Mr. Scales for half a pound of his one and fourpenny (his, be it noted). Mr. Scales then weighed it out and poured it into a paper bag, the edges of which he had first parted by the combined action of his thumbs and his lungs. Madam was guided in her selection of this and most other things she bought by her own knowledge of common domestic merchandise, and by the advice and the reputation of her chosen grocer, draper or candlestick maker. The latter earned his profit by reason of a considerable knowledge of what he sold and by his standing with his customers; "selling" was then a genuine personal activity on his part, not a mere name for his economic function in the scheme of things. To-day, Mr. Scales, Mr. Squills, and several other sorts of retailer have on their shelves many packeted, bottled, tinned or cellophaned commodities, branded largely with names other than Mr. Scales' and Mr. Squills'. The purchaser comes in and rattles off a list of these brands while the retailer picks them off his shelf as they stand and tosses them into her shopping basket. They are standardised in quality and usually in weight; a large number of them are advertised, and madam buys them, not on what she has been told by Mr. Scales or by her mother when she was a girl, but by what she has read of them in the display columns of the *Daily Mail* or THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. On these articles Mr. Scales no longer makes a profit; he "gets a discount" off a price fixed by the manufacturer. If it is just as wide a margin as fell to his father or grandfather, that is not necessarily because he earns it in the same sense, but because competing manufacturers, though they have done much of the work of selling for him, do not cut his discount lest he exercise in favour of another what remains of his influence, or give that other a better showing in window, on shelf or on counter. With many commodities he still plays much of his old part; with others, the automatic machine that he may set up after closing time does everything that he does, except give change.

This development is the first subject of the present article, and forms the preliminary to the "revolution" of our title. It is both an effect and a cause of modern advertising. Large-scale propaganda is a by-product of mass production, which not only created the need for mass selling, but also made it possible by cheapening production costs and so providing the necessary margin. Another way to look at the same fact is to say that advertising grew because many mass-producers, with a flood of standardised goods to sell, could not afford to put their fates into the hands of intermediaries (the wholesaler and retailer) whose interests might in some vital ways be different from their own. They had to safeguard their market by controlling (so far as they could) the public estimation of their wares. They therefore branded them—itself an embryonic form of propaganda—and then advertised them. This practice has extended itself, in some categories of retail trade, over a wide area of the market. Last year there were (to quote a few figures approximately and at random) over 120 different soaps advertised, over 80 brands of boots and shoes, 78 cigarettes, nearly 300 wireless sets and gramophones, nearly 400 items of drapery, over 400 patent medicines, and well over 700 different types of foodstuffs. There were about five thousand advertised brands in all.*

As an earlier article pointed out, it is very usual to exaggerate both the extent and the present importance of this development. On the other hand, its effects and implications are wider than itself; and it is still extending, because in the main it has succeeded in its objects. The established advertiser does control his market, and dominate his distributors; he lifts himself above the shifts and whimsies of unregulated popular demand and avoids many of the financial hazards of the free market. He builds up a popular reputation which is not simply a bulwark against competitive attacks, but a cushion against the bumps and depressions of price levels. There is no question but that this reputation is a very real, though an intangible asset. Some amusing and instructive experiments could be made upon average individuals by changing the labels of different types of commodity and watching the effect on opinion. There are some, but very few, smokers and drinkers who would not succumb to the trick of giving them a different grade of tobacco or whisky out of their favourite packet or bottle and asking them to compare it with their own usual choice, out of a different container. If there are any readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION whose conscience and sense of hospitality permit, they can try this sort of experiment for themselves. Many a manufacturer has, sometimes to his profit, sometimes—if his psychological approach is bad—to his loss, demonstrated the same point in the market at large. There are numerous instances of two practically identical products, one enjoying a vastly greater sale than the other, because the public has been led to decide that it is better. Sometimes such a preference—baseless on scientific grounds—is real enough to surmount the obstacle of a higher price. There is one story—if not strictly true, probably not without foundation—told of a well-known nationally advertised product. It slides down a chute in its factory to a fork; down the right arm of the fork it goes on into a packet bearing a name that is universally known and a price figure of (let us say) 1*s.* 4*d.*; down the left fork it goes into a series of packets of the same size bearing various local brands or the names of large retailers and selling at 1*s.* 2*d.* We need not stop to argue whether the "safety, certainty and enjoyment" bought by the consumers of the national brand is priced too high at twopence. And the moral of the story is not that advertising costs twopence, which the public pays. For sometimes the unadvertised product is priced higher by the retailer; while sometimes the manufacturer makes the advertised twin carry all the cost of developing and selling to a market which both the twins enjoy, so that (in the present instance) the one could not be sold at 1*s.* 2*d.* unless the other were sold at 1*s.* 4*d.* But for our present purpose the actual fact of the difference is the important thing, because it establishes the point that to a very large extent (and granted the maintenance of a decent level of quality) the public buys a name rather than a product.

Thus it is natural that there should have been, ever since the war, a steady growth in the number of brands and in the extent of advertising. Of course, the growth has been uneven, and the extent to which commodities are bought by brand varies very widely in different sections of the retail commodity market, and between different commodities in the same section. A housewife buys from her chemist, her grocer or her confectioner very largely by brand; from her draper she buys in the main unbranded fabrics. In part this is due to factors inherent in the market; there is some conflict between the idea of branding, with its implied standardisation, and the fashion trade's need of continual variety. But the necessary extent of this conflict is, except in the upper grades of the market, less than is often supposed. Historical accident probably does at least as much as inherent factors to explain the comparatively unorganised state of retail marketing in the textile trades. The cotton and woollen industries, not notoriously quick to move, have not grasped as a whole the significance of the prosperity enjoyed, even in times of unprecedented slump, by firms such as Patons and Baldwins, or Tootal Broadhurst Lee, who are not wholly at the mercy of "world causes" because they have some control over the fortunes of their standardised and branded products at home and in many overseas markets.

A similar point might be made as to the variations within individual sections of the market. Some light has been thrown on the way in which the middle class buys foodstuffs and drinks, by a useful survey of the habits of its readers just published by *John Bull.* This shows that "brand consciousness," in the sense of a deliberate habit of buying national brands, varies from 85 per cent. of the market with chocolate and 75 per cent. with cocoa down to 22 per cent. with flour and under 7 per cent. with bread. Here again there is reason to think that inherent trade conditions are only partly the cause, and that purely casual circumstance supplies a good part of the explanation. This being so, and since the practice of standardising, branding and packeting has public advantages in hygiene and economy, and also since the actual development of this practice after the war has been on lines very profitable to manufacturers, it is reasonable to think that it will go on extending over fields untouched at present, until we buy all our bread, fruit, meat, butter, and so on, under some mark and in appropriate containers. Visitors to last summer's Advertising Exhibition will remember that intelligent and illuminating exhibit, "Packeteria: the Shop of 1950," in which even the morning's roses were shown packed and branded. Probably most of the visitors to "Packeteria" who gave the matter any thought imagined that when the vision was realised all the brands would be the property of manufacturers addressing themselves to the national market as a whole, and all would be advertised. But to-day there are tendencies at work in an entirely contrary direction, tendencies that, if they develop to their logical limits, will transform the whole significance of the branding of products, and with them the manner in which they are advertised—if indeed they are advertised at all. The subsequent article will review and analyse these tendencies.

S. C. LESLIE

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* From the London Press Exchange Survey of Advertising in 1932.

STORM TROOPS AT TWICKENHAM

AT Twickenham on Tuesday people kept telling each other, "It isn't so cold to-day." But it was cold enough as one sat in a car in the motor-park, making an anchorite's meal on coffee and tongue sandwiches. As one walked round the back of the stands before the match one wondered why nobody had ever thought of providing foot-warmers for the spectators at football matches. Strong men in heavy overcoats and mufflers carried rugs on their arms. Rosy clergymen, blue-nosed schoolboys, pretty women, all walked their fastest in order to thaw the ice out of their feet. There was a determined it-isn't-so-cold-to-day cheerfulness written on their faces, however. Many of them must have doubted earlier whether the match between Oxford and Cambridge could be played or, even if played, seen, so hard was the frost that had bound the earth, so threatening the mist that hung over London and its suburbs. And the ground wasn't so hard, and the mist wasn't so thick, and the day wasn't so cold as they had feared. Hence their exhilaration on one of the most exhilarating occasions in the calendar.

The ground itself, ringed round with the piles of straw that had carpeted it during the frost, had a cold forbidding look.

Yet a strange bird appeared to find it a comfortable place to settle on, possibly associating straw with warmth. Nobody could agree as to what bird it was. The very ignorant said it was a starling. The moderately ignorant guessed a lapwing. It had certainly the round flapping wings of the lapwing, and was almost certainly a bird of the plover family. I am told that there is a plover called the sociable plover. The name is not ill-suited to a bird that chooses as its haunt a field fought over by thirty violent men and a violently whistling referee, and surrounded by forty thousand violently shouting spectators. I am inclined to doubt, however, whether it was any bird known to the ornithologist. More probably it was some ancient Oxford divinity who had decided on this metamorphosis in order to be present at Twickenham and bring luck to an Oxford team that, as things turned out, needed luck badly.

The gods were certainly on Oxford's side on Tuesday. After the first ten minutes any intelligent bookmaker would have demanded odds of ten to one on Cambridge. The Cambridge men had flung themselves on the Oxford line with such overwhelming fierceness that it looked as if their weight must in time wear the defence to shreds. Their forwards seemed always to get the ball in the tight scrums, in the loose mauls, in the line-outs. The only hope for Oxford appeared to lie in the ball's reaching that magician among full-backs, Owen-Smith, who by a perfectly judged long kick into touch would regain in two seconds all the ground that Cambridge had won by titanic, body-wearying struggles. I do not think the ball once reached the Cambridge half in the first ten or fifteen minutes till Owen-Smith sent it there from a penalty kick.

The story of the match is really the story of Owen-Smith *versus* Cambridge. If Oxford had had any other full-back in the world except Owen-Smith they would have undoubtedly been beaten on Tuesday. To see Owen-Smith playing football is to feel as Mr. Neville Cardus feels while he is watching Hobbs or Macartney batting. Mr. Cardus as he watches an exhibition of genius on the cricket field is driven in search of an analogy to the airs of Mozart and the playing of the master violinists. I wish I were a musician so that I might invent the right comparison for Owen-Smith. Would it be all right if I said that he combines the imperturbable perfection of Schnabel with the trickiness of Puck misleading night wanderers. At one moment he wears an air of rather melancholy stolidity; at the next, he is a zigzag of lighting. To see him running at full speed towards a falling ball, catching it infallibly without a second's slackening of pace, or watching half the Cambridge team bearing down on him and tempting them to exhaust themselves to the last drop of sweat, deceiving the first man by the assumption of one pace and then tricking him by speeding up till you would think his legs were worked by some kind of internal combustion engine—ultimately finding room to kick the ball so that it will drop into touch far down the field at the exact spot at which it falls is to see a man doing with absolute perfection what he has set out to do, and to be thrilled by the achievement of genius. Owen-Smith must be one of the most heartbreaking full-backs for a team to play against that has ever been seen on the football field. If Horatius kept the bridge with half the devilish brilliance of Owen-Smith, it is no wonder that he has been remembered in history.

Cambridge on their side had brilliance, too. Little Bowcott, the scrum half, himself scarcely larger than a football, was heroically brilliant as he fell on the ball at the toes of the Oxford men to stop a forward rush. He was brilliant, too, in his swift passes to his outside half, C. W. Jones, slight and fair-haired, who looked elusive enough and inventive enough in his passes to find a way past even Owen-Smith. Seldom can a man have been given so many chances and have given other players so many chances without being rewarded with a score. He made some of the most beautiful runs, being a creature of air and as difficult as air to grasp; he seemed always to have a ready train of attendants and to pass to the attendant to whom Oxford would least expect him to pass; he tried drop-kicking for goal. But, though at least half a dozen times a little luck would have brought a try and a few inches to the other side of the goal post would have brought a goal, the omen of the strange bird—and Owen-Smith—were against him. It was noticeable that the bird first settled in the Oxford twenty-five.

When Cambridge seemed finally to have mastered the Oxford forwards and to have dislodged the bird from its chosen territory for good, Cranmer, the Oxford centre three-quarter, got hold of the ball for almost the first time in the game, charged through man after man on the Cambridge side, kicked the ball over the full-back's head, and raced after it to the goal line. Johnston, of Cambridge, was also racing for the ball and being there first was about to seize it and touch it down when it bounced at an angle at which no ball had ever bounced before, so that Nicholson, of Oxford, had only to pounce on it to score. In reason, Oxford had as little chance of scoring that try as you or I have of winning the Irish sweepstake. But this is not a reasonable world. Jackson even kicked a goal, though Oxford have scarcely kicked a goal during the whole of the present season. If any one had said before the match that Oxford would win the game as a result of goal kicking, he would have been looked on as an imbecile. Here, if there were room, one might have a diversion on the unexpectedness of life.

Cambridge, however, continued to win ground, even if they could not win the game. In a few minutes Dick receivep a pass from Wooler and no Oxford man could lay a hand on him till he reached Owen-Smith, who flung himself at his knees and brought him to the ground. Even in Owen-Smith's grasp, however, Dick was able to wrench his body forward far enough to get the ball safely down an inch over the goal line. As the try was not converted, Oxford were still leading.

As the game continued the apparent mastery of Cambridge increased. Even when their captain was carried off the field as the result of an accident when four men jumped wildly into the air for the ball at the same time, the Cambridge forwards played with a fury that looked irresistible. During most of the second half the Oxford line was in a state of siege. Again and again Cambridge were within four yards of it. Seldom can there have been more heroic and desperate tackling than the tackling of the Oxford three-quarters. Wherever a Cambridge man was running for the line, Warr and Cranmer were there to bring him down and to smother the next player whom the ball reached. In vain did Jones start a movement to break through the right wing: Warr and Lorraine were impassable. Jones would then look for an opening on the left wing; Cranmer and Rees-Jones were a wall of granite.

Then, having failed to score a try, half the Cambridge side conceived a passion for drop kicks at goal as the only means of getting through the Oxford defence. One of the kicks went so near that every Cambridge man in the crowd was roaring with joy, believing that a goal had been scored. As failure succeeded failure, they groaned with disheartenment. "It's like a lot of kids throwing stones at a bottle," one of them said to me in disgust.

Cambridge, indeed, had the terrible experience of labouring like Sisyphus, only to experience Sisyphus's endless disappointment. They went to their work with the blind fury of a bee trying to make its way through a plate-glass window, and with as little result. At last, exhausted by their wasted efforts, they cracked. Owen-Smith, getting possession of the ball, did not kick it, but ran through half the Cambridge team like a hare through a field of cattle. Oxford were now for the first time the real besiegers, and stormed the Cambridge line like men indifferent to wounds. If it had not been for that last five minutes, one would have considered it unfair that Oxford should have won. But, after all, what really happened was that a magnificent attack was beaten by a still more magnificent defence. And by luck. And, perhaps, by the bird.

THE WILL AND THE DEED

It could be done if we cared enough about it.—Archbishop of York on slum clearance.

'Tis curious, when we call to mind
  What woes the human race endure,
To note how constantly we find
The settled purpose of mankind
  So firm to kill, so weak to cure.

The steadfast stubbornness that sent
  Our best to die on Flanders' plain,
The wealth and toil so freely spent,
The subtle skill that found its vent
  In tank, and bomb, and paravane—

While memories of these things abide,
  Is it not strange we cannot give
To all by Mersey, Thames, and Clyde
The home that stirs a decent pride
  And makes life worth man's while to live?

Alas! our will to "get things done"
  Wakes only with the war god's drums;
We forged and manned each murderous gun
Because the battle *must* be won—
  We'd rather like to clear the slums.

MACFLECKNOE

A LONDON DIARY

THOUGH I never remember dreaming in verse myself, I've come across several people who have. Here are a few instances. The first was the case of an unsuccessful poet who had influenza. He had a vivid dream of Heaven; angels were circling round the majestic throne and singing words which seemed to him of more than earthly beauty. They were still echoing in his ears when he woke. Feverishly he seized a pencil and a piece of paper and wrote, and then went to sleep again in complete contentment. In the morning he found that he had written these words:

It's white to be snow; it's cold to be ice.
It's windy to blow and it's nice to be nice.

In another case the words remembered were:

It's better to have a little shawl
Than wear no clothes at all:

—which is simplicity itself. Compare this complicated dream fragment:

Take out my steed
And let it feed
On more than meets the eye!

and these suggestive lines:

Who ushered in
The Wild World's din
And left the gates ajar.

I wonder whether such verse-dreaming is a common experience and if it is particularly liable to coincide with a high temperature?

* * *

I am glad to see that the ban on *Ulysses* has been lifted in the United States. Mr. Justice Woolsey, who gave the ruling last week in the Federal Court of New York, described the book as being "somewhat emetic" but not "aphrodisiac"; it is no longer obscene, and in future Americans returning from Europe will be saved the nuisance of having their copies bound in leather and labelled *Homer's Odyssey*. When, I wonder, shall we have the sense to follow suit? Technically, of course, *Ulysses* will always be obscene, but so, if it were not for the respectability that time always bestows, would be Burton's *Arabian Nights*, Rabelais, and parts of the Bible. In practice, when we are sufficiently used to the idea of any book it ceases to be obscene, and those to whom it might still "give offence" are off on the trail of some new red herring. *Ulysses* was published in 1922. Mr. Bernard Shaw duly chucked his copy into the fire; Sir Edmund Gosse wrote to the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* objecting to their publication of a critical essay on Joyce. Mr. Stuart Gilbert has produced a long and learned commentary on *Ulysses;* last year Mr. Charles Duffy addressed a small volume on Joyce to "the plain reader," and Mr. Louis Golding has just published a well-written and intelligent study, *James Joyce* (Thornton Butterworth, 4*s*. 6*d*.) which is obviously meant for the wider public. Surely our public conscience is salved by now, and, with the combined aura of learning and extreme popularity, Mr. Joyce might now be accepted as an author whom one is allowed to read at first hand. The initial step, perhaps, might be taken by Tauchnitz.

* * *

No one really knew Stella Benson unless he had heard her sing. The first impression which she gave to many was one of sadness, of mocking though kindly resignation in the face of the world's stupidity. That impression soon disappeared. Her sympathy—the stronger for her extremely critical and sceptical outlook—her gaiety; her astonishing patience with bores and beggars of all kinds and all classes; her courage; her sense of adventure—all these swept away the impression of melancholy. And when she sang, in a small, sweet voice, she surrendered to joy, not perhaps so easily, but more wholeheartedly than she surrendered to wit. Then one forgot, and she forgot, the deafness that troubled her; and those who listened did not feel any longer shut out from the world which she occupied, a denizen remote from the ordinary people, not by any will of hers, but through the difficulty we had in sharing that clear, magical, imaginative existence of hers. She has died when she was at the height of her powers, and was adventuring on a new kind of fiction. Her last book—*Pull Devil, Pull Baker*—was only a diversion. It is not sufficiently known, I think, that Stella Benson wrote it in order to help the strange old rascal whose adventures it recalls. It was characteristic of her that she allowed herself to be distracted from her own work to help a starving and sick stranger.

* * *

The flight from the stage was as prevalent a few years ago as the flight from the dollar at its worst, and Mr. Basil Dean was among those who left theatrical work in favour of films. It is good news that he means to return, and that his plans are so serious that he is asking for three years before the results are finally judged. He is going to establish himself at the Cambridge Theatre with a more or less permanent organisation. The preliminary announcements of new managers when they start an ambitious season often benefit by a pinch of salt. But Basil Dean can be taken seriously. It is an unfortunate fact that the theatre in London has fallen far behind Paris and New York since the war. Seven years ago John Palmer drew attention in a book on the contemporary stage to a revival of the drama in Paris, but in this country we remain indifferent to the influence of writers like Giraudoux and Jules Romains, and the "play of ideas" remains uncommercial. Apart, however, from intellectual standards, the English theatre lags behind in theatrical technique. The methods of production, including *décor* and lighting, are much inferior to those of Paris or New York. Basil Dean was almost the only producer in London after the war who imported into the commercial theatre high standards of production, although he became rather unnecessarily obsessed with Schwabe-Hasseit lighting, which apparently only meant bright lights thrown on a screen. Still, he gave us most of the pieces which made the theatre ten years ago more interesting than it is now; *Loyalties*, *R.U.R.*, *A Bill of Divorcement*, etc. It will be nice for everybody if the theatre's reaction to the talkies turns out to be to improve its own standards instead of throwing up the sponge.

* * *

Mr. S. Palmer, a Canterbury councillor, protested when Canterbury Sea Scouts with fixed bayonets acted as a bodyguard at a Navy League meeting. He alluded to it as a "warlike display." Now

Mr. J. D. Harvey, the secretary of the local branch of the Navy League, announces that in future Sea Scouts will affix corks to their bayonet points.—*Sunday paper.*

* * *

I am marrying a widower with two boys and would very much like to wear a wreath and veil. Is this correct?—Correspondent in *Sunday Dispatch.*

* * *

If the League of Nations abandons all political activity and confines itself to cultural work Japan may rejoin it, declared the Foreign Office spokesman to-day.—*Manchester Guardian.*

* * *

The only beef on her list is sixpennyworth of sheep's hearts.—*News-Chronicle.*

* * *

Chauffeur, Rolls-Royce, Bentley, Minerva, 30, married when suited; Continental experience; excellent references.—Advert. in *Times.*

* * *

Mr. Enser then handed to the Bench a book entitled *Ulysses,* which he stated was by a man named James Joyce.—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle.*

* * *

Hunting news from the best hunting country in the world—from the Quorn, Cottesmore, Belvoir, Pytchley, Fernie, Bicester, Grafton and Whaddon Chase—comes pouring in, completing the illusion that England is the one normal country in the world, still living in the sensible nineteenth-century manner, enjoying life and asking no questions.—*Vogue: Christmas Number.*

CRITIC

Correspondence

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

SIR,—It appears to us that Dr. Garnett unwillingly misrepresents what was said in our letter and answers points that we never made and which are irrelevant to our argument. But that is a matter that may be left to the judgment of those who have read both our and his letters. What is more serious is that he fails to withdraw unequivocally the astonishing statement in his previous letter that under the Covenant "nations still retain the right to act as judges as well as advocates in their own causes."

We pointed out that on the issue of whether a State is acting in self-defence or is guilty of aggression or of resort to war the right to act as judge in one's own cause most emphatically does not exist in the Covenant.

We demonstrated by references to Articles of the Covenant and to League precedents that, on the contrary, all the Members of the League, other than the parties, were bound to pass judgment on a charge of aggression or resort to war, and to act on that judgment by coercing one whom they had decided was a peace-breaker or aggressor. We pointed out that from the moment the Assembly adopted the view in its report of February 24th that Japan was guilty of aggression within the meaning of Article 10 of the Covenant, Japan must be regarded in international law as a violator of her obligations under that Article.

Dr. Garnett replies that "the Covenant imposed no obligation upon Japan to accept or comply with that judgment." But the Covenant does oblige Japan to refrain from external aggression against China's territorial integrity and political independence. And the Covenant does not yet allow (it may if revised as desired by Signor Mussolini) Japan to decide for herself what is aggression. On the contrary, it makes it the duty of the whole League to pass judgment on whether a party to a conflict is guilty of Covenant-breaking aggression or resort to war. This duty the Assembly performed. Dr. Garnett admits it was not acting *ultra vires* in so doing. Why, then, boggle at the conclusion that in law Japan now stands before the world as an internationally condemned treaty-breaker?

We venture to hope that the General Council of the League of Nations Union will repudiate unequivocally the anarchic doctrine that under the Covenant a State is entitled to decide for itself whether it is committing aggression or resorting to war, and will, on the contrary, declare with the utmost emphasis that a Government which flouts the League's judgment on this point is, in law as well as in morals, an international criminal guilty of treason against the world community. Such a government forfeits the right to exact obedience from its citizens. It is the moral and political duty of the citizens of a State Member of the League, indeed, to put loyalty to the League on the issue of peace before any national loyalty. Only if this spirit prevails can we make a reality of the League.

"VIGILANTES"

HUNGARY AND THE LITTLE ENTENTE

SIR,—Count Bethlen, ex-Premier of Hungary, has just concluded a series of lectures here, advocating revision of the Trianon Treaty, and a group of British M.P.s sympathetic to revision are credited with the intention of raising the question soon in the House of Commons.

In his lectures, Count Bethlen went much farther than the original Hungarian claim for frontier revision for the re-uniting of the Magyars in the Succession States with their compatriots in Hungary; for he laid claims to a wider revision which would mean the detachment of Slav provinces from Slav neighbouring States, calling for plebiscites to decide the future of the Slovaks and Ruthenes in Czechoslovakia, and the Croats and Slovenes in Jugoslavia, and demanding the setting up of an independent Transylvania.

These extraordinary claims have come as a shock to many who might otherwise, perhaps, have been inclined to consider on their merits the Hungarian pleas for frontier revision; for it is now clear that the aim behind the Hungarian propaganda is the restoration in a new form of the pre-war *status quo,* with all that that implies of Magyar overlordship over Slav peoples (and over the Austrians in the Burgenland), and the creation of a host of new minority problems.

It is to be wondered whether Britishers sympathetic to the Hungarian revisionist campaign realise that it now amounts to unwarrantable interference by one State in the domestic affairs of neighbouring States, an interference which, if translated from words to action, would be resisted by force of these States.

I am writing these words without prejudice to the Hungarian people, whose many qualities justly invite admiration, but as a warning to those of my countrymen who probably, through insufficient understanding of the issues raised, are unwittingly helping to promote a dangerous situation in Europe.

7 Stanhope Terrace,
Regent's Park, N.W.1.

J. MAHONEY-SHEA LAWLOR

BLOATERS AND WHISKEY

SIR,—In your issue of December 9th your reviewer singles out for quotation a recipe for cooking "Grandfather's Bloaters" by flaring them in whiskey. I have been familiar with this recipe since my undergraduate days, and I fancy it first took shape in the imaginations of the *Pink 'Un* set. But, exciting as it reads, it really won't work; it is a literary project, not practical cookery. In the first place cold whiskey won't ignite, and even if you hot it up to the flaring point before you pour it over the bloater, the flame will die down all too soon and you will be left with a tepid but still raw bloater somewhat sodden with weak whiskey.

A. DANIEL HALL

THE PACIFIST'S DILEMMA

SIR,—I yield to nobody in my admiration for the enthusiasm, ideals and inexhaustible vitality of optimism which inspired Mr. Joad's article on this subject; but I fear that he was flattering your readers' hopes when he chose the title "Pacifists' Escape from Dilemma." His well-meant article is, alas! very little help. A large section of his argument has for its key sentence: "The whole of civilised life is, indeed, based on the assumption that we may legitimately employ or appoint other people to carry out for us functions which we would not or could not carry out for ourselves." The fallacy here is palpable and gross. It consists, of course, in the slipping in of the words "or could not," as if they were equivalent or analogous to the preceding "would not." They are nothing of the kind. Nobody has ever doubted or denied that civilised society to a large extent depends upon the delegation to others of tasks which we are *unable* to perform for ourselves: that is called "the division of labour," and has nothing to do with the case.

It is perhaps worth while, however, to make clear the issue which Mr. Joad has so (unintentionally, I am sure) confused. It is obviously the fact that everybody who possesses one set of ideals has to compromise somewhere, if he is to exist at all within a community constructed according to different ideals. Pacifists, we are part of militarism; Socialists, we are part of capitalism;

condemners of capital punishment as murder, we provide taxes out of which the hangman is paid! But the most that can be deduced from this is that we may be forgiven if we cannot achieve an impossible consistency—a consistency, at any rate, impossible for all save the saints and supermen that we do not pretend to be. Mr. Joad goes much farther. He is not merely, like the rest of us, reduced by compulsion to acquiescence; he actually *wants* things to be done which he thinks it wrong for himself to do. It is as if he were to say: "I consider hanging a most disgusting form of cruelty, and I would rather die than hang anybody myself; but I am all in favour of hanging when it is expedient, so long as somebody else has to do the dirty work." I am sure that, on reflection, Mr. Joad will realise that he cannot defend a position which is not only morally so miserable, but also intellectually so contradictory and absurd.

Still, I am little concerned to refute Mr. Joad in argument. Far rather am I concerned to find points of agreement among men of goodwill; and I gladly confess that, in several of Mr. Joad's suggestions, I not only agree with him but, like almost everybody else, have anticipated him. Of course, as I insisted in my original article, and as Mr. Joad reiterates, it is futile to despair. Of course, as I insisted and Mr. Joad has at last half-discovered, it is futile to preach non-resistance. (It is true that, in a vague way, Mr. Joad seems to want to go on preaching non-resistance simultaneously with its opposite.) Of course, as I insisted and Mr. Joad elaborates, the pacifist must use force against force when to do so is just and necessary. The dilemma remains—when *is* it just, and how soon will it be necessary?

Mr. Joad proceeds to the contention that, if the separate Powers were to agree to hand over the means of war to a central authority, then—they would agree to hand over the means of war to a central authority! "Can the control of civil aviation be made the key to world peace?" asks Mr. Joad, and he replies, cheerfully: "The modern pacifist believes that it can." I do not know why Mr. Joad should suppose that he can speak for the modern pacifist in this simple strain. Most modern pacifists surely see the difficulties more clearly. The historical analogy with which Mr. Joad seeks to fortify his solution is exquisitely irrelevant. He says that a King terminated the ravages and conflicts of the private armies of barons, as the result of the invention of gunpowder. "This," says Mr. Joad, "bestowed upon the King, who controlled it, such a superiority of armaments that he was in a position to compel the recalcitrant barons. . . ." The governing phrase in Mr. Joad's story is: "*the King, who controlled it*." It has escaped Mr. Joad's notice that, in the situation which he considers analogous, there is *no* "King" and *no* "control." To make his comparison with the ideal he sets before us for to-day mean anything, we should have to suppose that the barons, already in possession, severally, of the power conferred by gunpowder, united and voluntarily agreed to give up that power into the hands of a King whom they elected for the purpose. In short, that his "recalcitrant" barons were not recalcitrant, and his "compelled" barons were not compelled!

I am not, by any means, arguing against the control of civil aviation. It may be desirable, or it may not—that is one of the complicated preliminary questions which we render only more difficult if we pretend that they are easy. Is it so certain that the centralised power of a King is always less tyrannous than the conflicting powers of barons? Is it so certain that, if we actually had a central controlling power, before the nations had secured economic and political liberty as units, our last state would not be worse than our first? Is it imaginable that, if the present dictators and demagogues of the world were to agree on the creation of a central force, that force would not be used for the suppression of free thought and Socialist progress wherever these dared to show their head? Again, even if we assume the desirability, are we so sure that, in advocating the international control of aviation as a means of enforcing international peace, we may not be putting the cart before the horse, and leaving the passengers in the ditch? The plan would involve the surrender, by all the great nations, of national sovereignty; but, if we did get that, it may be argued, we should have got international peace anyway: so perhaps *that* is what we ought to be advocating! Meanwhile, there is the question of time. How soon could such a fundamental and revolutionary proposal be carried through, even if we had reached a stage of civilisation in which it could be, in all the countries affected, openly discussed? In five years? In fifteen? In fifty? Or in five hundred? And for how long, considering (as only one of many dangers) the militarist and nationalist state of the German mind, can war be postponed? For five hundred years? Or fifty? Or fifteen? Or five? And, if and when it comes, what then does the practical man, or the idealist, do?

I did not pretend, in writing my original article, to solve or rebut a dilemma which perhaps does not admit of solution or rebuttal. What I set out to do was to restate the admitted difficulty in the new light of present circumstances, and so to refute those who have too lightly and easily assumed either that the difficulty is no longer there or that it is more capable than it used to be of a simple answer. I do not say that there is *no* answer. But the first essential is for the question to be faced.

1 Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8. GERALD GOULD

QUACK! QUACK! OR HAVING IT BOTH WAYS

SIR,—I am sorry to return to the charge; but even my quasi-religious reverence for Mr. Woolf cannot blind me to the fact that he continues to misrepresent me.

(1) I must begin by requoting the sentences from *Counter Attack from the East* affirming my total lack of the religious consciousness.

> I can only say that I have looked into my consciousness very carefully and can find nothing of the kind, unless, as Radhakrishnan suggests, I am prepared to accept my feeling for Nature and the "spell" which great "works of art cast upon us" as religious.

Mr. Woolf finds offence in the last clause, averring that the "'unless' . . . leaves it possible for the mystic and the religious to claim Mr. Joad as one of their flight or flock." But does it? Since my very next words are "although I cannot do this"—that is, I cannot agree to regard my feeling for art or Nature as mystic or religious—and proceed to give reasons why I cannot.

(2) I "neglect to mention nearly all the reasons there are for not believing it"—i.e., the message of the mystics. Again not true. Not only do I criticise broadcast throughout the book, but the arguments on pp. 116–123 inclusive, against the creation of this world by a God, against the view that the universe is a unity, in favour of the view that evil is real and exists, should afford Mr. Woolf no less comfort as a thinker than they ought to afford him discomfiture as a controversialist.

(3) "Radhakrishnan says that beliefs based on mystical experience must be true, and Mr. Joad in this book countenances the claim." Emphatically I don't. I know no more than Mr. Woolf what must be true. I say merely that they may be true, and that we should not (although we do) allow our natural irritation with orthodox religion as we know it in England to prevent us from treating philosophies based on mysticism on their merits.

My true charge against Mr. Woolf is, however, that he makes no acknowledgement of having brought a false one against me. Briefly, he lumps me with Radhakrishnan as a mystic because I talk about Radhakrishnan's mysticism, and equally briefly I deny plainly and often in my book that I have any trace of mystical experience. Finally, I am shocked to find that Mr. Woolf is not in the R.P.A. It is high time he followed my example and joined it. C. E. M. JOAD

4 East Heath Road, N.W.3.

"SURPLUS" MILK

SIR,—We read in the papers that the Milk Marketing Board will probably have forty million gallons a month of surplus liquid milk by next spring. The suggested method of reducing the surplus is by excluding butter and cheese and tinned milk from overseas and substituting milk manufactures made at home.

There is a better way. Use the surplus milk for the school children. Out of an average attendance in the schools of 5,000,000 children, 900,000 received milk at school last year. For the most part these were children whose parents paid for them to have milk, not necessarily those who most needed it. In 200 out of the 316 education areas there is some sort of a milk scheme working in the schools, leaving 116 in which there is none at all. Last year 72,445 school-children were found suffering from "malnutrition." In addition there are, of course, hundreds of thousands who are insufficiently fed.

Far too little liquid milk is consumed in this country by children. The recent report on "Nutrition" by a committee of the British Medical Association says: "The general consensus of opinion upon the value of milk as a food for young children is so strong that it should be included in every case in the diet of children in order to maintain health and normal growth." The *Lancet* says: "It is impossible to justify the underfeeding of children in any part of this country at a time when food production is being restricted through lack of markets."

Government subsidies are the fashion to-day. Why not subsidise the health of the school-children? The National Milk Publicity Council has the whole machinery ready to hand for the supply of milk to the schools and it is capable of being used to the fullest extent required. The simplest plan would be to provide every child with a daily drink of milk at school in exactly the same way as it is provided at school with a fire to keep it warm and with a pencil and paper with which to write.

Cambridge. CLARA D. RACKHAM

THE MEANS TEST

SIR,—In your issue of December 3rd you appear, in the paragraph on the Unemployment Bill, to approve the principle of an inquiry "designed to prevent the receipt of public money by persons who are clearly in no need of it." But why should this principle apply only to the poorest section of the people? Should it not either be applied all round or not at all? The State pays numerous pensions, some of the largest of which go to persons who are certainly in no need of public assistance; and yet no questions are asked. Abatements of income tax, again, are indirect doles of public money, yet they are nowadays granted indiscriminately to all income-tax payers, no matter how rich they may be.

But the gravest scandal of all is the Derating Act, by which thirty millions a year are put into the pockets of the owners of industrial establishments. Is any question asked as to their needs, is any search made for parents or relatives who could come to their rescue if need be? Certainly not. Like the gentle rain from heaven, the public money falls alike on the rich and the poor, the just and the unjust.

This Act is probably one of the most inequitable pieces of legislation passed by an English Parliament in the last fifty years. In the words of Mr. Chamberlain, it was going to "lift a great burden from the back of industry." It did nothing of the kind; its effect was imperceptible. Half of the money wasted by this foolish Act would suffice to lift the poorest of our unemployed out of the mire. A. MITCHELL INNES

11 Goldington Road, Bedford.

[We do approve (under the present system of relieving the unemployed) of an inquiry into the financial position of applicants —though an inquiry quite different from the existing Means Test.

We do not think the principle should apply only to the poorest of the people. We agree with our correspondent in his condemnation of the Derating Act.

Pensions to civil servants, etc., on their retirement (if this is what is referred to) are a different matter. They are superannuation allowances which must be considered in connection with salaries; they are in effect a form of deferred pay.

The income tax is already graduated so as to fall more heavily on the richer than on the poorer; but we should certainly not object to a steeper graduation, nor to a further discrimination in the matter of abatements.

But, after all, the question of a needs test in the Unemployment scheme should surely be considered on its own merits, and not merely or mainly on the demerits of other schemes. There are, in present circumstances, both practical and moral reasons for the kind of inquiry we have suggested—and we believe that the great mass of the workers themselves would be in favour of it. —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

WOMAN AND SONG

SIR,—A character in Mr. Nathan's delightful book, *A Second Spring*, says that a musician is someone who has to fight for his life every day; one would be inclined to think if the musician is a woman that the fight must be twice as difficult, as Dame Ethel Smyth maintains in her *Female Pipings in Eden*, and there are many who think she has understated rather than overstated her case.

Yet Mr. Cecil Gray in his review of that book makes the surprising statement that "in modern times in this country women have always had far greater opportunities, far fewer obstacles, put in the way of the acquisition and development of a talent for composition than men have."

This statement is not confirmed by the case of Dame Ethel Smyth.

What is that case? Mr. Fuller Maitland writes in Grove's dictionary of music that with her "Mass" Ethel Smyth jumped into the first rank of living composers; Bruno Walter, Richard Specht, Pierre Lalo testified to the originality and importance of her work. Thirty-three years of silence follows the first production of her "Mass," and sets the pace for the whole of her musical life. Thanks to the courage and stubbornness of conductors, men like Vaughan Williams, Bax, Delius, and others broke through the indifference of the English public to native art; but a glance at the appendix of *Female Pipings in Eden* will show that those who maintain, like Mr. A. K. Holland, that Dame Ethel Smyth's music has been inexorably withheld from the public are right.

18 Cheyne Row, S.W.3. MAURICE BARING

SIR,—If there had been a law forbidding little girls to eat bread, no doubt various "strong women," ornaments of circuses and variety entertainments, could be hunted up to show how well people can get on without "the staff of life." But in citing various distinguished composers who have never played in orchestras as proof that to be debarred from this great educative advantage is no hardship, I imagine that Mr. Cecil Gray is pulling the legs of your readers, and also that of ETHEL SMYTH

Coign, Woking.

POLITICS IN CAMBRIDGE

SIR,—In his very interesting letter on Politics in Cambridge, Mr. Julian Bell writes: "It would be difficult to find anyone of any intellectual pretensions who would not accept the general Marxist analysis of the present crisis." Could Mr. Bell state in brief form the Marxist propositions about the present crisis which he and his Cambridge friends accept?

CAMBRIDGE GRADUATE

HOW THE UNEMPLOYED LIVE

SIR,—"A Social Outlaw," in his reply in your issue dated 2nd inst., apparently tries to refute facts, *re* Poor Law Practice. I am, in fact, a Poor Law Official, but not of the comfortable class, neither do I confuse Theory with Practice.

As an officer of a large district, and dealing also with Transitional Payments, practical work is my bread, where theory does not count against the needs of the poor and unfortunate.

I have worked since the age of 23 years in some of the poorest districts in London, and later in life have raised a family of my own; I have had little leisure to read Hazlitt or Blackstone or live in a world of make-believe. As an ordinary citizen there is little of the life of the really poor, both employed and workless, that I am not fully conversant with, and as an officer I am fully alive to all the benefits the unemployed are entitled to.

I still maintain that had "A Social Outlaw" made known his desperate circumstances to the Relieving Officer, he would have received assistance.

It is a gross untruth to allege that the poor and needy are treated with barbarism and ruthlessness by officers whose duty it is to assist, in accordance with the regulations, temporarily, and to bring every case before a committee when the applicant can state his case, which will then receive a sympathetic hearing.

ERIN

Miscellany

SIR JOHN SIMON

THE High Gods were lavish to the son of the Congregational Minister. They endowed him with a brain keen as a razor edge, with penetration, with lucidity and with enormous industry. These gifts carried him from Fettes to Wadham and to a Fellowship of All Souls. Later they achieved for him the most remarkable position at the Bar of England which has ever been held in our own or in any other time. His fees reached astronomical proportions; a steel-cold intellect and a prodigious knowledge of the law took him to "Silk" after only nine years at the early age of thirty-five, and to the Solicitor-Generalship at thirty-seven. In the latter part of his career opposing clients jostled on his doorstep to deliver retainers. There were few big commercial cases in which he did not appear for one side or the other. He was unsuccessful with juries, which he often irritated. Perhaps he gave them the impression that he despised them. When " F. E." with a practice of scarcely comparable proportions left the Bar, the disturbance was like that of a whale leaving a mill pond. But when Simon, who never earned a nickname, went, his going made less commotion than would a whitebait in the Bay of Biscay.

Seen in perspective his work as Chairman of the Statutory Commission on India is the high-water mark of his achievement, and illustrates the advantages and defects of his training at the Bar. Part I, a mass of historical, geographical, anthropological material, drawn from a variety of sources, sifted, pemmicanised and reduced to presentation with incomparable lucidity. The lawyer's art was never better exercised than here. But the Bar does not breed administrators, though budding administrators may be bred at the Bar. Facts are seen at second hand. Names, personalities, even human passions and ambitions, all are seen through a glass, muted and toned down to a sober tint. The constructive proposals of reform in Part II pleased nobody and have been interred, decently enough, and their prime author has himself chanted their obsequies.

The law is not an exact science; great lawyers sometimes forget, even in the face of the numerous majority decisions of the House of Lords, that in law there is no absolute. " Naught is, but thinking makes it so." The nuances of the law encourage a faint dishonesty of the reasoning faculty even in persons with high principles—and Simon is certainly high-principled. (Did he not resign office during the war rather than support conscription ?) A legal training does not encourage decisiveness, and it leads to a capacity for presenting a case without necessarily believing in it. And in politics an appearance of sincerity is even more important than sincerity itself. It has been said that a lawyer must have left the law before he is forty if he is to retain the qualities for Cabinet rank; and it is perhaps some vague appreciation of these drawbacks of the legal mind that has hitherto debarred great lawyers from the office of Foreign Minister. Would Simon be the exception, and prove the rule ? Many who saw him pass to the Foreign Office had their misgivings lest the very gifts which had established his supremacy should hinder him in the handling of frayed tempers and irritated susceptibilities which is the day to day task of the Foreign Secretary. Had he the qualities of tact, of patience and above all of suffering fools gladly ? Could he avoid giving to those around him the impression which he often gave to his Juniors at the Bar, that he was being badly served ? The unspoken complaint embitters. Could he be genial without condescension, tactful without patronage, mundane without triviality ?

It is perhaps too early to attempt an appreciation of Simon's work at the Foreign Office. As Sir Herbert Samuel said, one can only judge foreign policy by results. Simon can be relied upon to present a case faultlessly and with perfect logic. But the perfect presentation of an unanswerable case often defeats its own end. Nothing exasperates the average mortal quite so certainly as to be shown remorselessly and condescendingly that he has made a fool of himself. You may be aloof and pontifical as Curzon, but a Curzon must not bend. Gesture must be spontaneous and extrude the warmth of personality to be successful. It is Simon's tragedy that he has no warmth. He can jest mirthlessly: his lips mock, but do not laugh.

So, when the pillars of Europe are rocking, when passionate ambitions or affronted pride find expression in extravagant, untidy speech, his crisp, passionless reasoning, the burnished weapon of his career, for the first time fails him. We see him pitifully seeking with his intellect for the answer which his heart should supply. Ruthless democracy may well spare a little pity for a man whose supreme tragedy is perhaps his ability to recognise where he fails and why he fails, but it may ask in words which he himself used of another, " Que diable allait il faire dans cette galère ? "

DECEMBER GALLERIES

THERE is nothing among the sixty paintings by Henry Lamb at the Leicester Galleries as witty as the Lytton Strachey portrait in the Tate, but in many of them there are better things than wit, and there is learning and accomplishment in them all. Having retraced his steps from the tempting but unsure ground of his early work, he has now arrived at a position of authority from which he can make delightful excursions. He suspects the too-obvious subject, the too-easy thrill; and rightly so, to judge by those paintings where he has been genuinely excited and able to keep it up till the end. Some of the landscapes are potent in their feeling for country, without a trace of the bucolic pedantry that besets so many otherwise cultured artists when they paint landscapes. The imposing is apt to elude him. The big pictures, *Lady in Blue* (18) and *Child's Toilet* (45), have got out of hand. But he comes very near the mark with *Portrait of a Sculptor* (43).

There is an impressive collection of Augustus John drawings in the outer room here.

The first impression of the Epstein landscapes at Tooth's is that the sculptor has been playing the naughty boy out of school hours. These water-colours are full of verve, they are loud, they are vulgar, they are all of Epping Forest, and there are a lot of them. The naughty-boy effect remains, but recovery from the first shock allows their scholarship to penetrate. The colour points to nothing but ebullience, but they are beautifully composed. They triumphantly offend almost all the pictorial proprieties. Also, they are astonishingly like Epping, just as the bronze bust in the same room is like its sitter, Einstein: photographically " like." One would never look at the catalogue to see who it is of, any more than one thinks of looking for leopards lurking behind these tropical oaks and beeches of Epping.

Another sculptor, Zadkine, shows some landscapes among other things at the Mayor Gallery. These, like the Epsteins, have sculptural qualities, but they obey more pictorial conventions. Zadkine has never escaped from a pervading voguishness and facility, and these gouache drawings bear the imprint as well as his sculpture at its most monumental; but they are charming and inventive. Here also are four drawings by Kandinsky, one of which, *Contrast in Green* (26), is particularly good. We do not hear enough of Kandinsky in London, in spite of *The Art of Spiritual Harmony*, now twenty years old, which has proved prophetic and still makes lively reading. Sir Michael Sadler suggested in the introduction to his translation of it in 1914 that " Picasso and Kandinsky have developed the art respectively of Cézanne and Gauguin in a similar direction," which provides food for thought in 1933 and should be remembered in looking at these Mayor Gallery drawings.

This exhibition, which is instructive in many ways, includes drawings by Paul Nash and Tristram Hillier. The former can be abstract in the true sense, though too often he suffers the fate of many English abstract painters: when he goes on denuding his objects to the point where they come into their own as pictorial elements they tend to become sterile. Tristram Hillier deals chiefly in seaside dreams. His drawings are neat and full of charm, but in the end the delight of looking at them develops into a mere echo of pleasure in noting the wayward spacing or following the wayward arabesque of natural objects, and dream-fragments of natural objects, that compose them. Under the Surrealist cloak, ill-worn, it is possible to control dreams so conveniently that the habit becomes a mere excuse for slipshod thinking and naturalistic drawing that looks " modern." It is only a step from here back home to the Pre-Raphaelites: the last step in a vicious circle.

With Jean Varda the *objet d'art* quality of a painting is the first and last consideration. He shows " mosaic-pictures " at the Beaux Arts Gallery: panels of glass-fragments embedded in cement, coloured. He is now using this technique with mastery: the logical development of Picasso's and Braque's early *cuisine* surfaces. These are pictures like orchids grown in the most up-to-date hothouse; or like ripe peaches, bloom and all. One almost expects them to drop off the wall as one looks. On the point of going rotten at the core, somehow they always preserve the artistic decencies. This is the tightrope of good taste, and the result of the balancing feat is delicious.

JOHN PIPER

SOME MODERN MUSIC

THERE has been more variety than usual in the recent programmes—especially those of the B.B.C.—and we have had the opportunity of hearing music by Bruckner, Schönberg, Krenek and Anton von Webern which is not very familiar to London audiences. On the other hand, Sir Thomas Beecham devoted a whole Philharmonic concert to Dvorák, which did not please the critics or the public, but in my opinion he was justified by the result. We do not get enough choral concerts at the Queen's Hall, and those we do get are as a rule very uninteresting. The Philharmonic Choir is an excellent choir and has a fine trainer and honorary conductor in Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott, but its programmes are too awful for cool-blooded description. This is perhaps partly due to lack of money, partly to the labour involved in teaching the choir to learn unfamiliar works. A sort of super-Hitlerism on the part of some of our native musicians possibly drives them to perform the more Aryan than English works of Delius, while anti-feminism in my opinion is the most likely cause for the frequent performance of the choral compositions of Dame Ethel Smyth. Whatever the reasons, the fact is that in the list of works performed by the Philharmonic Choir I see that no less than six are by Delius, and three are by Smyth, although even Bach has only five to his credit, Handel only three, Purcell only two, and Haydn, Mozart and Berlioz only one each. Can anybody deny that this is a ludicrous disproportion? And at the end of the present season the disproportion will be still more absurd because in January works of Ethel Smyth and Delius are again to be sung, and in the prospectus I have received there is mention of nothing besides them but the Bach B Minor Mass in the current season. I have no right to assume that because the names of Delius and Smyth now keep me away from a concert hall that they do the same with most other music lovers, but I know that I am not alone in my antipathy to these two composers, an antipathy that derives partly from surfeit.

I promise Mr. Kennedy Scott that if his Philharmonic Choir were to give us Haydn's *Seasons* (which they have never performed), Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ* (which they have never performed), Purcell's *Coronation Anthem* (which they have never performed), I would undertake to sell a dozen tickets for each of these neglected masterpieces, and these are only three out of the many great works which are ignored in favour of vastly inferior music. There are, for example, Mozart's C Minor Mass, the Cherubini Requiem of which Berlioz writes so highly, a number of practically unknown compositions by Purcell and many unfamiliar French and Italian works which would attract the public. Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ* was actually in Sir Thomas Beecham's first prospectus for the Royal Philharmonic Society this season, but it disappeared later, for what reason I do not know. Perhaps it is just as well that the London public is not allowed to hear this grave and beautiful work by Berlioz, for it would disturb all those ready-made opinions about Berlioz which appear in some quarters. It is, of course, too much to ask the Philharmonic Choir to perform modern foreign music, but it ought to try to get away from its eternal repetitions of Bach, Delius and Bax, and if it cannot afford to experiment with younger composers it should at least enlarge its classical repertory.

The Bruckner Ninth Symphony was something of a disappointment. It is only the second symphony of his to have been performed in London in my time, and it leaves me still convinced that Bruckner is an interesting composer with a genuinely personal utterance, but I am still uncertain how much of his peculiar rhapsodical and apparently clumsy technique is due to imperfect mastery of his means or to some natural defect in his musical gifts. Also I am not certain whether he is pretentious or at least grandiose or whether he has a natural sublimity. The Scherzo was the most interesting of the three movements of this unfinished symphony, but I have to admit that although I often found the music ineffective and repetitive, I did not find it boring. One needs to hear more of Bruckner's work, and I hope Dr. Adrian Boult will continue his good work of introducing to us the still unfamiliar symphonies of Bruckner and of Mahler.

The Schönberg concert was a distinct contrast. The pianoforte pieces, which we may assume to have been properly interpreted by Edward Steuermann, who is a friend of Schönberg, mean nothing to me but ingenious pseudo-epigrammatic utterances in a medium which does not lend itself particularly well to intellectual witticisms. But *Pierrot Lunaire* is another matter. Here we have the spontaneous Schönberg writing naturally and unchecked by the hyper-critical intellectual censor which seeks to disguise his innate sentimentality. The music and the declamation of Erika Wagner who took the vocal part accord perfectly with the verses of the French poet; these belong to that style which the Yellow Book has made familiar to the English public. *Pierrot Lunaire* is completely eighteen-ninetyish and reminds one of Ernest Dobson and Cynara. This *fin de siècle* melancholy and sentimentality is, as far as I can discern, the true Schönberg and the complete Schönberg on the emotional side; the rest is merely intellectual, and even Schönberg's astonishing cleverness is not enough to produce music which can satisfy and delight us for any length of time.

The chamber music concert given by the Kolisch Quartet, which presented us with works by Krenek and Anton von Webern, added little to our knowledge of these two composers. It would seem that Krenek possesses the typical Czech fluency, for his Variations ran smoothly and intelligibly along on no very original lines, although the part writing was what we may call modern in its freedom. Anton von Webern is one of the best pupils of Schönberg, and from him we get brief and seemingly pregnant combinations of tones which sound so personal that they are to me almost unintelligible. By this I mean that I do not feel that in hearing them I get the same sensations as the composer had in writing them, so that I am not sure that I do not miss entirely his intentions. But here it is certain that one needs to hear such music again and again before one can be sure of getting a true comprehension of it.

All this modern and unfamiliar music has been presented to us by the B.B.C. It is still the only musical organisation we have that we can depend upon for the performance of contemporary or unpopular music, so that whatever other criticisms we have to make from time to time on particular musical performances of the B.B.C. we must be very thankful for its existence and for its admirable and truly disinterested policy in the cause of music.

W. J. TURNER

WINTER SUN

No hawk to outstare you
With black suns,
Though solitary and songless.

Rather as bird in the cold season
I seek your clear zone
With avid flight.

How keep the course direct—
Poised on every wind,
Following transitory gleams?

Too soon are you obscured
My day-star! And I
Am baffled by blind white.

PHILIP HENDERSON

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Angel"

There have been suggestions that the new play at the Vaudeville is propaganda for the cause of equal rights for men and women to extra-marital adventures. First-night critics were not entirely responsible for this ill-judged advertisement, and in a speech after last Monday's performance Miss Mary Newcomb suggested that it was partly her fault, as she had been carried away by a first-night *daemon* into playing the chief part as if it had universal application. As propaganda the play is poor stuff, but as play pure and simple it has much to recommend it. The set-piece effect, the improbable elements, provide the right scope for Miss Mary Newcomb. Incompetently acted it would be thoroughly artificial: in these hands it has the true ring of a work of art. And what a fine actress Miss Newcomb is, given a chance! She has steadily increased in power, having consistently avoided the obvious mannerism, the easy effect of spurious "personality." Miss Mary Clare has a part here to her taste, also, and she carries it off with an easy humour. Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston is badly cast, but otherwise the support is more than adequate. It will be a pity if anyone stays away from this play under the impression that it has an "adult-audiences-only" atmosphere.

"Wuthering Heights"

Any dramatisation of *Wuthering Heights* must be an interesting failure. There can be no hope of reproducing on the stage the quality of the drama in the novel, for it is already as explicit as it can be in its own medium. The stage version by Mary Pakington and Olive Walter, produced at the Croydon Repertory Theatre this week, was worth doing, if only to show how, in spite of careful selection and very little mangling, the force of most of the scenes spent itself too soon, and how the uprooted dialogue became tiresome; and yet how well Emily Brontë's characters "carried." There was some excellent acting, particularly by Miss Nancy Hornsby as Catherine Earnshaw and Mr. R. Eric Lee as Heathcliff, and the production of Mr. Henry Cass was in the right spirit.

Elisabeth Bergner's Brilliance

Once again Mr. Cochran has shown us cause to love him. Elisabeth Bergner already has her film public in London, but even the most fervent of her admirers in the celluloid can hardly have expected anything quite so delicious as her performance in *Escape Me Never*, the new Margaret Kennedy play at the Apollo. Not that the play—a variation on the old theme, with Sangers, selfish musicians and nymph-like constancy reshuffled a little perfunctorily—could possibly extend this artist to anything like her full capabilities. Indeed, one sighed at moments for the banality of the setting, the well-worn emotions and the cheap patness of the *dénouement* which not even Komisarjevsky could disguise. But one has only to attempt to visualise any young English actress in the part to realise how completely the evening belongs to Miss Bergner. Gemma Jones, complete with a baby vaguely acquired on her travels, is a pathetic wisp of gaminerie who attaches herself to Sebastian Sanger. He is the typical musicianly egoist whose talents are as yet unrecognised, save by the high-born Fenella McClean, who has over-hastily pinned her musician-fancying ardour on his less gifted brother. They all arrive in London, and Sebastian, kept by Gemma's wages as a domestic servant, writes a ballet and seduces Fenella. The ballet fails, the baby dies, and Sebastian is satisfyingly beaten up by his incensed brother. But Gemma, knowing his need of her, is busy bathing his eye at curtain fall. Miss Bergner carried all this on her slim shoulders, gay, impudent, wistful, fierce, numbed, heartbroken and gallant, almost in consecutive breaths—a bewildering, dazzling display. Behind her is a huge company of exceedingly competent players who appear to come to life only when she is off the stage.

"Measure for Measure"

It is unlikely that the present generation will ever see *Measure for Measure* better performed than it is now at the Old Vic. And no production could be better designed than Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's for permitting a clear-visioned assessment of the final value of the play, for his methods are as far removed from the self-conscious antics of modernity on the one hand as from the no less villainous traditions of the touring companies on the other. Those who have seen the play performed in either of these distressing circumstances will be agreeably surprised at its strength, its depth and its humour. Constructionally it is not immune from the besetting sin of Shakespeare's later comedies—the attempt to evoke emotional responses from situations which the audience knows to be fictitious. Once Claudio is safe from the executioner, the Duke's decision to prolong the play for another act by deceiving Isabella becomes a peculiarly silly and heartless frolic, and in this production it is barely redeemed by the refocussing of attention upon Isabella's character and suggesting that the Duke's intention all along has been to teach her a lesson of mercy. Yet how deftly is this false keel fitted to the already finished play, and how admirable the craftsmanship of suspense employed! Mr. Laughton's Angelo is a splendid foretaste of great evenings to come when he arrives at the peaks of Shakespearean characterisation. Here was a performance filled with intelligence and sensibility, with at least two flashes of authentic genius. In his restless tramping of the stage one sensed, at the beginning, not merely the toppling of a moral standard, but an agonising self-revelation, the powerful disturbance of a settled pride. Then comes the soliloquy, and when the battle is over the broad back is turned, the stride becomes purposeful, and, like the wings of a great, sinister raven, the long sleeves of his gown are flapped into control. Precise and definite, the gesture is completely expressive. Again, in the seduction scene, Mr. Laughton's art of physical suggestion sways his body from his rooted feet in a repulsive ecstasy of tormented desire. These unforgettable pictures deserve the recording because they define in some part a power unmatched on the stage to-day. Miss Flora Robson adds little to what we already know of her, as Isabella. She does not quite achieve the white-hot passion of purity which is necessary, unless the rejection of her brother's plea is to alienate our sympathy; but whether there is any actress living who could interpret such a conception to 1933 is another matter. Mr. Roger Livesey as the fantastical Duke is altogether charming, and the low comedians, Messrs. Baskcomb and Graham, quite remarkably funny.

The Film Society

Portions of Walter Ruttmann's *Acciajo*, an Italian film of steel workers, were shown to the Film Society last Sunday. It is difficult to judge from these fragments of the film as a whole, and to fit them into a story of which one had only glimpses, but the background of the factory is magnificently conveyed. The sudden projection of feelers of white-hot metal, the churning, pounding machines, the thick bars of sunlight from the roof provide a spectacle of terrifying fantasy which not even the machine-loving Russians have equalled for dignity and force. We are shown too, by way of contrast, scenes in a fairground, and an impressive dawn over the countryside. Ruttmann seems to have advanced a long way beyond the impressionism of his early films; and the showing of *Acciajo* in its entirety should be an event of real interest. In the programme on Sunday there was also a burlesque film, *L'Affaire est dans le Sac*, which exploited a music-hall humour of the sort adopted by Cavalcanti, with an occasional touch of Clair. Most of the jokes were about hats, virtuoso hats, hats in action — and their wearers were appropriately solemn and mad. This fantasy of an obsession was amusing, but would be the better for a little pruning.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15th—
"The Good Companions" and "I was a Spy," Coliseum.
B.B.C. Chamber Concert, Broadcasting House, 8.30.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16th—
Carols and Christmas Music, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
Orloff, Chopin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.
Royal Choral Society, Carols, Albert Hall, 2.30.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17th—
C. Deslisle Burns on "Barbarism and Progress," Conway Hall, 11.
Concert by South London Orchestra. Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, 8.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 18th—
"Alice in Wonderland," Duke of York's Theatre (matinées).
Children's Revue, Grafton Theatre.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19th—
Discussion on Family Allowances, speeches by Mrs. Hubback, Dr. Hurst, Lady Askwith and Dr. Drysdale, Rooms of the Linnean Society, Burlington House, 5.30.
"Peer Gynt," Whitgift Grammar School, 8, and on Dec. 20.
Bach Choir, Central Hall, Westminster, 8.15.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20th—
"Alice and Thomas and Jane," Westminster Theatre.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21st—
"The Old Folks at Home," Queen's Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The *Oxford English Dictionary* is packed in a long wooden packing case, which, after the lid has been taken off, can serve as its habitation until further shelf-room has been found. Its new owner will gaze upon it like stout Cortez on the ocean at his feet. How easy to drown in it—and how easy for the bookworm to disappear, with a slight wriggle of the behind, into those pages and not to reappear until another half-century has brought with it another supplementary volume. But the dictionary is by no means really an ocean, rather it is a map of a country with the outlines of which one is roughly familiar. The reviewer should compare it with the Ordnance Survey and judge it by the same standards of completeness and of accuracy, for it maps the whole of the English language in exact detail. But while the map can only furnish a picture of England as it now is—or as it was a few years ago—the O.E.D. gives a picture of the language which includes the time dimension as well. Not only should it contain every word that Englishmen have used since the middle of the twelfth century, but it should trace their changing meanings, the importations of foreign words, the coining of new ones and the growth and decay of the language. The subject is vast—as great perhaps as making an historical map of England which would show the origin, by enclosure and subdivision, of every field and meadow, but the treatment is so magnificent that wonder soon ceases and the miracle, like all other miracles of man's making, is calmly accepted. An imperfect work makes its readers into partisans who are eager to express their gratitude, but the almost perfect work never has any defenders. There is indeed a peculiar pleasure in picking holes in it. The Lexicographers of the Philological Society are not actually omniscient: there are a few things they didn't know about, others that they forgot or lost. Mr. Thomas Austin, one of the voluntary readers for the Dictionary, sent in 165,000 slips, each giving an example of the use of a word. Perhaps one unique word was lost in the post; if one burrowed deep enough, one might spot it.

* * *

The *Oxford English Dictionary* owes its existence in the first place to the enthusiasm and the learning of a Dean of Westminster; the work on it was begun and largely carried out in the last twenty-five years of the reign of Queen Victoria and these circumstances are undoubtedly connected with the omission of one large group of words of which only a few examples appear, and those chiefly towards the end of the alphabet. I mean words which are described as being "not in polite use." I cannot help feeling that this is a very great pity in what is after all a learned work. A word on which Hamlet is pleased to pun when addressing Ophelia and which even so virtuous a character as Malvolio begins to spell aloud in the theatre has, I feel, a place in English literature. My objection is not really a practical one, since there is not much likelihood of these words dying out. But the Oxford lexicographers will have to face the problem sooner or later, since some of these words which were filthily indecent in 1880 are passing into the vocabularies of respectable people, and are losing their obscene character. The more this happens the healthier both the language and the minds of the people who use it will become. The Oxford Dictionary is a bit too genteel.

* * *

At the end of the Supplementary Volume is a bibliography of authors whose works have been quoted. This is unfortunately incomplete, and several writers whose works are actually quoted do not appear in it. Thus D. H. Lawrence does not appear in the bibliography though he is given in one place as an authority for the slang use of the word *grid*, meaning a bicycle. Lawrence had a particularly rich vocabulary—I am not referring here to his use of such impolite words as *grind* (*Love Among the Haystacks*), but to the large number of dialect and local Nottingham words which he employed—and owing to his origin, employed correctly. One looks in vain in the bibliography for Gerard Manley Hopkins, while C. M. Doughty appears only as the author of *Arabia Deserta*. The Oxford Dictionary however, is almost essential for the reader of Doughty's poems, who will find the explanation of such rare words as *fatidic*, *pritch*, *malm*, *wentle-trap*, *rebellow* and *strike* (of corn) as well as such obsolete words as *angiport*, *derne*, *incede*, *recure*, *wadmel*, *woodhack*, *rote* and *crowd*—both the latter meaning an early form of viol. Knowing Doughty's veneration of the English language, and that he would not coin words, it is puzzling on searching for *hedgeguyes*, apparently a form of dance, to find nothing under *hedge* and, under *Guy* nothing more illuminating than: "an effigy of Guy Fawkes carried about in the streets and burnt in the evening. This custom is now falling into disuse." The secret of *hedgeguyes* emerges, however, when one remembers that a dry hedge of dead wood is a *hay* and that a *hay* is a serpentine dance, as though following the hedge of a maze. *Hay-de-guy* or *hay-de-guyes* duly appears as a country dance—the hay of Guy or, as some think, of Guise. One of the difficulties facing lexicographers is that they have to make use of printed or written words, and since authors are more partial to using words of which they do not know the meaning than ordinary people, there are many records of words used in their wrong senses. On the other hand, words which may never have appeared in print are passed over. Such a one, I think, is the Huntingdonshire *chimble* meaning to crumble up by the action of frost; it is perhaps a variant of *crimble*, an early form of *crumble*.

* * *

The derivations of words is a fascinating study but the amateur etymologist will find many of his cherished soap-bubbles rudely shattered by a reference to the Oxford Dictionary. Thus *O.K.*, which I hoped was connected with the *Okees* or idols of the Virginian Indians, is brutally referred to *orl korrect*. Even the most cherished derivations seem uncertain—thus the blasphemous origin of *hocus-pocus* from the *Hoc est Corpus* of the Mass is mentioned merely as the suggestion of Tillotson, while there is no derivation given for *all my eye and Betty Martin*, which I have been told represents *omihi beate Martine*, a pleasanter derivation than that of Fanny Adams, "the name of a young woman who was murdered c. 1810, and whose body was cut in pieces and thrown into the river at Alton in Hampshire" and which now signifies tinned *mutton* in the Navy.

* * *

The supplement is naturally full of foreign words and technical terms that have come into use since the various parts of the dictionary were completed. The list of flying words is incomplete. Thus while *drift* is given, *drag* only appears as a *drag-rope* which has nothing to do with its modern use; and one searches in vain for the ugly word *formate* meaning to fly in formation with, the pleasant *swish* or *swish-tail*, and the *yawing* plane, or horizontal field of movement. Owing to the habit of quoting the earliest examples, a modern use is not always given its exact meaning. This is the case with *yaw* and *zooming*, the latter of which words is given the grotesque meaning of *making or accompanied by a humming or buzzing sound.* If I were to get a lexicographer strapped into the front cockpit and start *zooming* he would become aware that it was by no means a matter of noise alone. It is a pity that the complete meaning of *zooming*, the last word in the dictionary, should not be given correctly. But the gravest, indeed perhaps the only serious, fault in the Oxford Dictionary is one which I have kept to the last and it is one which applies with peculiar force to a writer. It is that its possession takes away the last shred of excuse for using our mother English in a vile and loathsome manner. It is terrible to look at the thirteen volumes there in their box and to know that in future I have got to live with them and live up to them. DAVID GARNETT

NIJINSKY

Nijinsky. By ROMOLA NIJINSKY. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The perfection of the gramophone and of the sound-film will soon abolish what has hitherto been an unbridgeable aesthetic gulf between the generations. When our parents broke into raptures over the singing of Patti in her prime, or over Salvini's acting in *Othello*, we had an embarrassing sense of lack of contact. So, too, when we dilate to the younger generation upon the supremacy of the Joachim Quartet, or upon the marvels of Nijinsky's dancing, we become aware of a polite but icy detachment; we have placed ourselves unerringly and irremediably in the class of fogies—our idols perished, along with hansom cabs and golden sovereigns, in the remote ages behind the curtain of the war. It is irritating to find that we have dated ourselves so incautiously, and our annoyance is increased when we begin to reflect that at this very moment there lives in a prosaic Swiss village, not twenty-four hours' journey from London, a man in his early middle age who is Nijinsky. The very youngest of our acquaintances might have seen him dance, he might have been designing dances or even dancing himself at the Alhambra last month but for a single inconsequent but decisive fact.

A vain stirring of uncommunicable regrets is the most personal of the effects produced by a reading of Mme. Nijinsky's biography of her husband; but it is not the only one, nor the most important. Her book raises, indeed, such a plethora of absorbing but divergent problems that one can do no more than glance at a few of them. At least four topics can be detached, any one of which would deserve a whole review to itself: she has given us a fascinating sociological document, she has made a contribution to a highly important episode in aesthetic history, she has provided material for far-reaching speculations in the region of psychopathology, and she has written a deeply moving story of a dramatic human relationship. A few words upon each of these four subjects are all that can be attempted here.

The framework of Mme. Nijinsky's narrative is almost as accidented as the tissue itself. She begins by giving us a sombre glimpse of the life of a nomadic troupe of dancers in the primitive and semi-Asiatic wilds of provincial Russia. She introduces us next to the full blare of the Imperial Court in St. Petersburg during the opening years of the century, and then hurries us with the invading Russian ballet round the sophisticated capitals of pre-war Europe. The grand transformation-scene follows, and we are presented with an alarming picture of the follies and crimes of nationalistic patriotism in war-time Budapest and an equally soothing one of the civilisation and urbanity of war-time Vienna. Again a shift, and we are carried across the Atlantic and shown in the United States another world, with more resemblance to the one we know to-day, a world which is already peopled with jazz and Hollywood and Charlie Chaplin. All of these variegated and fantastic societies are evoked with a remarkable vivacity and solidity, and along with them the still more variegated and fantastic society of the Russian Ballet itself. In the course of her book Mme. Nijinsky traces in some detail the history of the impact of the Russian Ballet upon Western Europe, from the early period when Paris, seduced by the simple thrills and delights of Fokine and Bakst, took the invaders passionately to her heart without a single qualm or reservation, up to the terrible days when the *Faune* and *Le Sacre du Printemps* caused public rioting in the Opéra, led to duels and police proceedings, and almost precipitated a political and an international crisis. But the history of the Russian Ballet during those years is inseparable from the history of the extraordinary man who exercised a dominating influence upon the aesthetic life of Europe during the first quarter of the twentieth century. It is characteristic of the utter indifference felt by Englishmen towards matters of art and intellect that Serge Diaghileff was a completely unknown figure in this country outside the narrowest circle. His very name was unfamiliar—even to the majority in the audiences that thronged his spectacles. And his death received less notice than that of the most trumpery of politicians. Yet his total effect, not only upon his own particular field of the ballet, but upon the theatre in general, upon music, upon the plastic arts, and even upon literature, must far have exceeded that of any of his contemporaries. The story of the various phases of his activities, of his changes in taste, of the manner in which he brought about his results, remains to be told; but it is one of the attractions of this volume that it throws light upon these questions. What, for instance, was the actual part played by Diaghileff in the production of one of those complex unities which we describe as a ballet? Obviously, he was an unequalled organiser and unifier, both material and spiritual. But was he more than this? When we reflect upon the indifferent results achieved by those who had worked with him when they launched out upon their own we are tempted to feel that he himself must have been responsible not only for the totality but for every element of it—that he himself composed the music, painted the scenery, designed the choreography. This, no doubt, was his own view of the situation in his more megalomaniac moments; and it is a view which Mme. Nijinsky firmly rejects. It seems, indeed, safer on the whole to regard Diaghileff as the supreme midwife of the arts, immensely skilful in creating an atmosphere and circumstances in which the artist could produce his best work, but never hesitating to strangle the offspring at birth if it should turn out to be a monster. The choreography of Nijinsky offers a particular instance of this problem. What share, if any, had Diaghileff in what seemed to us, in 1913, the overpowering emotional effect of *Le Sacre du Printemps?* Half of the reply seems to be given by the comparative feebleness of the same ballet when it was revived by Diaghileff after the war with fresh choreography by another hand. The other half of the reply should have been provided by *Tyl Eulenspiegel;* but that ballet, which was produced in America by Nijinsky after he had parted from Diaghileff, has never been seen in Europe.

There were qualities, however, in Nijinsky's choreography which in any case suggest sources deeper than those accessible even to a Diaghileff. Discussions upon the relations between genius and insanity run the risk of seeming trite and inadequate, both to the psychiatrist and to the art critic; but the admirable frankness with which the tragic development of Nijinsky's mind is disclosed by his wife must inevitably raise conjectures, even though they are vague and unconfirmed. It may be the case, as we are assured in these pages, that *dementia praecox* is "a disease of the glands"; nothing, in fact, is known on the subject. But however that may be, it is often possible to give psychological interpretations of its manifestations, and sometimes tempting to point to psychological factors as the precipitating agents for the actual onset of the disease, as apart from its fundamental causes. Precipitating factors of this kind seem strikingly present in Nijinsky's story in the form of the sudden enmity of Diaghileff and the outbreak of the war; the appearance of hostility in his real environment—and in such a vitally important part of it as was represented by Diaghileff—upset the uncertain equilibrium of his internal forces. It is an attractive hypothesis to suppose that his dancing and his choreography were the main instruments by which that equilibrium was sustained. If that was so, it happened that the two external calamities which put so much strain upon him (the jealousy of Diaghileff and the war) also removed to a great extent his power to make use of his main internal defences. When, upon an

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occasion in recent years, he was asked to dance once more: "Je ne peux pas danser," was his pathetic reply, "car je suis fou." It might, perhaps, with equal truth have been put the other way: "Je suis fou, car je ne peux pas danser." Actual characteristics in the new choreography developed by Nijinsky—its stiffness and ungainliness and stereotyped forms—may be thought to show something of its underlying motives, and this is betrayed above all by his great insistence upon the symbolic importance of dance movements. It is interesting, too, that the movements in his choreography seem in the main to be derived directly from those designed by Fokine for Petroushka—his favourite part and one which perfectly expressed his own relations with Diaghileff.

But, after all, whatever deeper interpretations may be placed upon the events which Mme. Nijinsky describes, their immediate significance is stirring enough to make her readers forget to look below it. Her story is presented with a certainty and conviction which probably owe something to the occasional incoherences and inaccuracies, to the foreignness of idiom, even to the galaxy of misprints, which diversify its surface. Of her three protagonists, the first has for the most part to be inferred: not even her photograph is to be found among the many excellent ones which the book contains. Her portrait of Diaghileff seems upon the whole to be a fair one. She paints him as a ruthless and terrifying figure, but his inherent bulk and importance are never disguised; in judging him, moreover, she is admirably free from the jejune prejudices of conventional morality. And Nijinsky himself? For us fogies, at least, she has conjured up a moving shape out of the past and breathed a new spirit into it.

JAMES STRACHEY

NEW NOVELS

The Unforgotten Prisoner. By R. C. HUTCHINSON. *Cassell.* 8s.
God's Angry Man. By LEONARD EHRLICH. *Bell.* 7s. 6d.
Black Mastiff. By M. CORYN. *Barker.* 9s.

Since novels are written by all sorts and conditions of human beings, and human beings are astonishingly diverse, it is curious how seldom any trace of the novelist's individuality manages to find its way into his style. Mr. Hutchinson has produced an individual book. *The Unforgotten Prisoner* is much too long; the plan of the narrative is somewhat ramshackle and haphazard; a great deal of it makes excessively tedious reading; and yet, granted these disadvantages of method, the story leaves behind it an impression sharper and more permanent than that of the average modern novel. The author's treatment possesses a character quite its own; one can only conclude, after traversing his five hundred and twenty-nine pages, which average forty-three lines to the page, that when Mr. Hutchinson writes well—and his best is very good indeed—he does so largely by literary instinct and that he is incapable of distinguishing between the good and bad elements in his work. For suddenly he will descend to utter bathos. The characteristics of his style at its most impressive are solidity, clarity and a certain effect of gloomy, rather nightmarish, concentration. Elsewhere, however, the narrator himself—a painfully facetious personage when he takes the platform—steps forward with a flow of repetitive chit-chat. Then the author ceases to write, and is content to gossip; and the narrator's anecdotes have very little to recommend them.

Happily, Sir John Saggard is not omnipresent. During the first chapter he puts in a subdued and necessary appearance as the brother of the young Englishman whose love-affair with his sister's German governess precipitated the birth of Klaus Gotthold. A postscript explains that Hedwig's mother, the Baroness, covered up the scandal by marrying her off to a devoted and obliging military suitor; and in the next section we have a brief glimpse of this officer and his putative son. In the third section the narrator reappears; it was he who was partly responsible for Heinrich Gotthold's death, and Colonel Gotthold, condemned to death for spying, gives him a farewell letter addressed to his wife. After the war he is finally able to deliver it. . . . The narrator's account of his visit to a stricken, mutinous, half-starved German industrial town, where the factories are idle, the streets empty, and an atmosphere of suspicion and black hopelessness hangs over its silent houses like an inky fog, is one of Mr. Hutchinson's finest efforts. He discovers Hedwig, but his nephew drives him from the room. Up to this point, the novelist has been writing with an intensity and simplicity of style that do his powers of suggestion the utmost credit. Birnewald is horribly present to the mind. Why then should Mr. Hutchinson break off with twenty ineffective and loosely written pages, which centre round a cricket-match in Hertfordshire, or treat us to interminable stretches of dialogue, couched in a vein of exasperating jocularity?

> "Lanair," I said, "would you like to come and watch me playing cricket this afternoon?"
> "Oh, my God!" he answered.
> "Well, would you?"
> "No, why should I? What is this game cricket?"
> "I don't know," I told him, "I'm going to find out. . . ."
> "Where are you playing, anyway?"
> "Stand-off half," I said.
> "Don't exercise your callow wit on me. Where is this infernal game being played?"
> I told him—a place in Hertfordshire.
> "And how do I get there?" he asked.
> "I'm no snob," I said, "I'll take you in my car."
> "Is that the same machine as you took me to Folkestone in last month?"
> "The same."
> "Oh, my God!"

It is possible, I suppose, that mature, cultivated and intelligent civil-servants may, indeed, parley with their friends in terms of such heartrending facetiousness as Mr. Hutchinson loses no opportunity of putting into Sir John Saggard's mouth; but I cannot feel that a detailed report of their badinage helps to keep the reader wide awake. Yet it would be a pity if he threw down the book in despair; for Mr. Hutchinson's qualities emerge when we least expect them.

Thus, the long episode that follows is brilliantly managed. Having introduced us to Klaus Gotthold, through the narrator's eyes, as an awkward, starved, embittered adolescent, living with his dazed, unhappy mother in an unfurnished darkened room at the top of a derelict villa in Birnewald, Mr. Hutchinson carries us back to an earlier stage of his protagonist's career and tells (in the third person) the story of his flight from the monastery school where he had been brought up; of Frau Gotthold's insanity and death; of how her son fell into the clutches of the local garrison, and how he escaped, only to exchange the attentions of a sadistic and drunken officer for the companionship of a band of militant revolutionaries who had entrenched themselves in a verminous, deserted warehouse. The warehouse is beseiged and set on fire; Klaus, helped by a starving prostitute who has thrown in her lot with his, struggles as far as the coast and there, by accident, stows away in the hold of a cargo-boat bound for England. Coincidence, which has already played a large part in the development of Mr. Hutchinson's narrative, brings his arrival to Sir John's notice; he is rescued, rehabilitated, and the interest of the story, which has been maintained with extraordinary skill throughout the entire central episode, suffers a very marked and rapid decline. The narrator once again jumps to the fore. Mr. Hutchinson who, while he is occupied with Klaus and his adventures, writes simply, vividly and energetically, here loses his grasp of the main issue; and Klaus, with whom the reader is chiefly concerned, on whose pathetic shoulders the entire novel may be said to rest, vanishes in a chattering throng of suburban gentlefolk.

Through Mr. Ehrlich's surprisingly readable historical novel, *God's Angry Man*, rumbles the undercurrent of his hero's rage. John Brown was a born hater and a born fighter; he hated slavery, and manifested his devotion to humane principles by harassing, plundering and, on occasions, murdering in cold blood those who were sufficiently foolish or wrong-headed to stand in his way. Mr. Ehrlich does not palliate his atrocious misdeeds; John Brown, after all, was a Man of God—that is to say, he read his Bible and, not unnaturally, felt justified in applying to slave-owners and their kith and kin the rather heavy-handed methods of persuasion that Joshua had once applied to the idolatrous Canaanites. He was an evangelist who preached with the rifle and sabre, and had always expected, and even welcomed, his much-merited hanging.

That Mr. Ehrlich, like a clever barrister, succeeds in retaining our sympathy for this hoary-headed desperado, till he shuffles in carpet slippers towards the gallows' tree, is a tribute to the literary brilliance of his book. His battle-scapes are particularly memorable; but, in common with *The Unforgotten Prisoner*, Mr. Ehrlich's novel might have benefited by being cut down. It is too voluminous, and the novelist slips much too easily into passages of semi-poetic declamation. Sometimes the style degenerates into Carlylese—several chapters seem to have been modelled on the Flight to Varennes—but Mr. Ehrlich's analysis of blood-stained pietism is, on the whole, quite uncomfortably convincing. *God's Angry Man* might well have belonged to the present age—the

CHRISTMAS 1933

THE OUTSTANDING NOVEL

Lion Feuchtwanger's

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" 'The Oppermanns' is in no way inferior to any of the previous work of this important novelist. It has the spaciousness and the breadth of conception which is part of Herr Feuchtwanger's power. This is a book which no novel reader will want to miss, and one which no student of international politics can afford not to possess." *The Daily Telegraph.*

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SECKER

God of Battles is still standing at the elbow of resolute and bright-eyed fanatics, and modern Joshuas still gird on their swords to slay—while the *Black Mastiff*, otherwise Betrand du Guesclin, hero of the Hundred Years War, is the ornament of a remote and romantic past. Less readable, perhaps, than *God's Angry Man*, its method is considerably more straightforward, and anyone who wishes to refurbish his memories of mediaeval French history, to lose himself in an exciting, uncomplicated narrative, and pick up, as he reads, a certain amount of erudite, but unobtrusively supplied, information, touching the practices of mediaeval chivalry and the odd twists of the mediaeval religious temperament, will appreciate this engaging and lively book. It is a simple pre-Raphaelite tapestry, in primary colours, as compared to the enormous arras designed by Froissart. PETER QUENNELL

CONTROLLED CAPITALISM

Reconstruction : A Plea for National Policy. By HAROLD MACMILLAN, M.P. *Macmillan.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

This bold and thoughtful scheme of national economic planning deserves the close attention of all those who recognise, with the author, that competitive capitalism can no longer work, either for delivery of goods or for profitable investment, and must be replaced by conscious rationalisation. This recognition is by no means confined to socialists; on the contrary, the initiation in such planning has been taken by business men and their inspired or managed statesmen in Italy, Germany, and the United States. Mr. Macmillan makes his appeal to capitalist-employers, workers and consumers to unite in an ordered economic system, working with a minimum of government control, so as to utilise the full productive resources of the nation for the maintenance of a high general standard of living. Stated briefly, his plan consists of the establishment of an Industrial Council for each industry, or group of industries, to regulate the purchasing, production and marketing of the goods it handles. These Councils, composed of representative business men and technical experts, though leaving freedom of management to each constituent business would operate the industry as a single unit in all major matters of organisation and output. These Councils will have power to coerce refractory firms into co-operation, and to arrange selling prices. These virtually monopoly prices will, however, as Mr. Macmillan contends, be kept within reasonable limits, partly by the possibilities of substitutes on the part of consumers, partly by the natural harmony between high productivity and expanding consumption. Moreover, in most instances other industries are the consumers, and these several Industrial Councils are to be associated in a general Economic Council, which will be a kind of Industrial Parliament, and will have a small Executive Council. By such means the several interests of the Industries will be checked and correlated, on the capitalist side. For labour, there will be a corresponding industrial organisation, into which the existing Trade Unionism will be resolved, and capital and labour appear to meet upon the general Economic Council, though the exact relations of the two are not quite clearly stated. For the labour organisations are sometimes presented as corresponding but separate bodies (*e.g.*, p. 117), while elsewhere they appear to be parts of the National Councils (*e.g.* p. 114). At any rate, it is the intention of Mr. Macmillan that the interests of labour should be adequately safeguarded. He clearly recognises that for the working of capitalism, with its modern expansion of productivity, the worker as consumer must be provided with an enlarged real income, to be taken partly in a higher standard of comfort, partly in increased leisure. But perhaps the most serious difficulty in the execution of such a plan arises at this point. It would be to the interests of capitalists as a whole to pay wages high enough to enable workers as a whole to buy at a profitable price the maximum output of industry as a whole. But a particular industry might see its profitable interest in a low wage policy, provided that other industries did not also cut wages and consuming power. Now would Mr. Macmillan's General Economic Council be able to cope with this particularism? Would the unity and solidarity of industry as an organic whole be secure against the pull of some strongly organised industry, able to wield the monopoly power which Mr. Macmillan recognises, though he seeks to minimise its strength. For in seeking to retain the freedom of the Price System he appears to hold that in general a natural harmony exists between market behaviour and maximum productivity in an industry. Now this is very doubtful. I think he would be driven into planned selling prices as a necessary compliment to the planned costs and outputs.

With just logic Mr. Macmillan proceeds to plan our Foreign Trade by means of buying and selling syndicates under an import and export Clearing House whose aims are to protect home markets against dumping, to maintain a balance in our foreign trade as a whole, and to protect our export trades. The last object he would achieve either by replacing export surpluses by enlarged home purchases or by subsidies. It is hardly necessary to say that this strictly national scheme is heavily embarrassed by attempts to support imperial economic preferences, while the great dependence of our nation upon foreign countries for essential foods and raw materials makes it impossible to obtain that degree of economic isolation that is possible for Russia, or even for France and Germany. If any scheme on Mr. Macmillan's lines comes to be adopted in this country, his excessive fears of bureaucracy will have to be overcome, so that the Government may be in a position to secure the proper fulfilment of its three chief functions, the social services, public revenue and the maintenance of public order. If "control" will suffice then let it be "control." Nobody wants national ownership and operation on their own account.

J. A. H.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN

The Drama of Weather. By SIR NAPIER SHAW. *Cambridge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

If the title of this book leads anyone to suppose that it is about ships foundering in tornadoes, locomotives being dug out of snow-drifts, or holiday-makers enduring a wet week in August, he will be grievously disappointed. What he will find is first some superb photographs of the sky, with an instruction to look out of your window and mark the change and movement which five minutes will work within its tiny frame. Next, an historical sketch of the kind of answers which have been attempted to satisfy man's demand if not to be spared the hurricane and the flood, then at least to be given fair warning of them. Then an account of the modern meteorologist's equipment, how and what he measures and what his measurements mean. And, finally, a statistical artist's paradise, in which a most determined effort is made to get the innumerable numbers which the weather-man amasses into visible order and significance. Thus one starts this book with an entrancement of cloud-shapes and ends with maps of the world which are covered with what look like sky-scrapers, half of them upside down. Here are pictures indeed. But is this drama?

The answer is undoubtedly in the affirmative, although the idea on which Sir Napier Shaw has built his book often escapes his control and leaves the reader hot but pursuing. Few people can know better than Sir Napier what it means to struggle with the accumulation of data which is presented to the specialist by the labours of modern meteorological organisation. To make the layman realise what is being done to answer his monotonous question, "Is it going to rain to-morrow?" something must make this mountain move. Well, even the most prosaic has felt the majesty of the storm and the light dance of a dewy morning. Let us then, says Sir Napier, see what comes of making a musical drama of the whole revolving atmosphere, to which the sun communicates rhythmically an energy which involves heat, motion, electrical discharge and the appearance and disappearance of water and ice. As the author sums it up:

> On the real stage of the weather map there are quite a number of distinguished actors; first the sun who manages the whole display; next the earth which sets the stage, disposes the energy, and by its rotation leads the dance; next gravity, the wind-raiser, who conducts the performance, with a special reserve of energy in the water-vapour; and finally the atmosphere, in which temperature and vapour, pressure and wind join in the drama with a symphony which we have to express in the weather map of the future without any break in the chain with which Nature links them all together.

That passage, like many others in this work, is both difficult and exciting. Unlike many popular approaches to scientific matters, which remove difficulties merely by emptying them of their content, it brings the problem close to the common life of those who have no scientific curiosity. It invests with grandeur the question about to-morrow's weather, makes an isobar look alive, and may lead some few to face even atmospheric thermodynamics with a stout heart.

Sir Napier points out that the meteorologist is the least enviable

NONESUCH

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THE WEEK-END PROBLEMS BOOK	5s.

The Nonesuch Press will centenarize the death of Hallam by issuing on Tuesday a limited edition of Tennyson's In Memoriam. The page measures 7 by 11 inches. The paper is Van Gelder, the number of pages about 200, the type Blado italics, the binding gold and black boards. And the price is only 10s. 6d. Specimen pages are available. *There will be a number of copies bound in whole vellum, having the title page decorated with gold leaf, price three guineas.* ¶ The limited edition of Ladies' Mistakes, James Laver's three Immoral Tales in verse, is exhausted and already at a premium; but the unlimited edition at six shillings is obtainable everywhere. The year has produced no book as witty; and it is illustrated by Thomas Lowinsky. ¶ A Coleridge will be added on Monday to the well-liked Nonesuch series which already includes Blake, Donne and Hazlitt. The quality of his writings justifies, the bulk demands, a selection on the grand scale of this handy but compendious volume of 840 pages. It is edited by Stephen Potter. ¶ Andrew Young is not a "new" poet, but he has not yet reached the public which rightly is his. Winter Harvest adds to the sum and subtlety of our experience of the English scene. ¶ The seventh and last volume of the Nonesuch Shakespeare is now ready. The edition is largely over-subscribed. ¶ And always, of course, there is The Week-End Book, the "anthology of anthologies," which costs 6s. and 8s. 6d.

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of the men of science. He cannot take his weather into the laboratory and measure it; he cannot reduce it to a set of equations; and he is not even allowed to get on with his work in the most sensible way by discovering why it rained yesterday because he is incessantly pressed to say will it rain to-morrow. His phenomena are in a peculiarly distressing way always " given " and never completely known: he has no control over what he is trying to study. His only clues to the extremely irregular motion of a shell of gas many miles thick which envelops the earth are a series of observations at various points of the densest layer of the gas. But when this is stated in terms of the weather drama the situation is not so crushing. Meteorologists are like inexpert musicians listening to a symphony of immense profundity. To this ear or that among the audience a rhythm will beat its way to recognition; a melody will be caught and held; a solo instrument will rise above the storm of sound. And gradually, by piecing together the significant scraps picked up by many ears, the unifying movement of the whole music will be made out. Looked at in this way the growth of forecasting becomes subtly amusing. In the beginning were the highly credulous listeners who heard in the weather drama a true music of the spheres; Old Moore's Almanac is a robust descendant. But since physical measurements began to be made atmospheric pressure has been loud in our ears. At first it was the five-finger exercise engraved on the weather glass from stormy to very dry. Then came what Sir Napier calls the Victorian barometer solo, in which cyclones and anti-cyclones were born of the recognition that it is the pressure gradient which determines the strength of the wind. But already the isobaric dominance is fading even from official weather maps, and the barometer solo is linked with Bjerknes's duet between polar and equatorial air currents. If Sir Napier is right, grander harmonies will be heard when we learn more about the upper air. In the meantime, here is a book which looks as intently at the sky as over the forecaster's shoulder. In this intimate business of the weather the layman wanders uncertainly between old wives' tales and the dreadful array of meteorological variables. Sir Napier Shaw conducts him wisely and wittily to a seat with a good view.

BARRINGTON GATES

JAMES LAVER

in "The Week-end Review"

writes:

"It is high time that chairs of Parlour Games were established at some of our Universities, and I would propose that the holders of the chairs at Oxford and Cambridge should be June and Doris Langley Moore, who treat of this subject with their usual mastery in a modestly attractive volume★ recently fallen from the press. These two ladies are gradually producing a series of monographs to cover the whole field of human behaviour and misbehaviour. 'The Bride's Book' was an admirable guide to the more difficult parts of getting married, and one of our authoresses, on the principle that you must catch your hare before you can cook him, has even provided a monograph on 'The Technique of the Love Affair.' This the publishers, with regrettable cynicism, have now brought out in a pocket edition, so that no one need ever be at a loss for the next move in the oldest of all parlour games."

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GERALD HOWE

A SHOCKING PORTRAIT

William or More Loved Than Loving. By PAUL SUDLEY. *Collins.* 6*s*.

" A frivolous and very entertaining book. Its pedigree is by Saki's *Reginald* out of Mr. Pearsall Smith's *Trivia* "—in some such terms it would be easy to recommend, and dismiss, *William or More Loved than Loving*. On the other hand, this slim volume might by chance fall into the hands of one of those headmasters who preserve in a lax age the earnest traditions of the last century; and he might describe it as the most shameless work that he had ever had the misfortune to peruse. I incline to agree with the headmaster—this is an amusing book which deserves to be taken seriously. It is a curious expression of the extremity of modern disillusionment, and I can imagine a future historian making it the peg for his explanation of our present collapse. Certainly, it could have been written in no previous age.

It consists of thirty monologues seldom more than a page long in which " William " draws a portrait of his own character. He discerns himself with an uncanny clairvoyance, and he accepts his nature as calmly as a zoologist accepts the alligator's ferocity or the sloth's sloth. This determinism is highly philosophical, but produces an effect of shocking immorality. In his acts he is probably no worse than most of us—I doubt his capacity for murder or even rape. But whereas a Pepys, a Rousseau and a Casanova maintain that their intentions were good or that they failed to live up to their intentions, William is too clear-sighted about himself to indulge in good intentions.

> The fact that I dislike ordering people about when it is my duty to do so does not mean that I dislike speaking rudely when I am in the wrong. So long as I can be quite certain that there is no justice in my anger I enjoy being disagreeable to people. . . . One by one I have made new friends. By being very nice to them I have persuaded each in turn to like me, then by degrees have probed their minds, uncovered their weaknesses and revealed their faults—in fact, altogether unmasked them, and have come away with a new sense of personal righteousness, planted on a new terrace of self-esteem. . . . I had to be certain I was clever before I could safely resign all claim to goodness of heart.

But the sentences which combine to make a deeply analysed portrait sound individually like shallow paradoxes. Anyhow, perhaps the headmaster is wrong, and *William* is not a prodigy of candour, but an unusually amusing fragment of fiction. In either case it has one quality in common with many comic masterpieces—it leaves what used to be called an unpleasant taste in the mouth. And this unpleasant taste is one which gives to some of us a great deal of pleasure.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

FATUITY

A Gallery of Women. By JAMES WEDGWOOD DRAWBELL. *Collins.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Her eyes were pin-points of green through the narrow slits. Then they closed. They were not even pin-points. Her small face was strained and tense. She seemed to be speaking in another world.

" There is water all about you . . . the dark stream . . . I see you now . . . where you are going . . . where are you going . . . will you swim across or walk the plank . . . which shall it be ? . . .

" Don't ask me for a meaning . . . I see things like that. Only with some people. . . . Once at a great banquet, I looked down the table and somehow all the lives of these well-dressed people were revealed to me. . . . I said something. I cannot say what it was. But it must have been important. Someone fainted.

" I see it again . . . the dark water . . . all about you . . . will you swim or walk the plank, the easy plank ? . . ."

As she opened her eyes a certain tension went out of the room. (Possibly slamming the door behind it ?)

This, at any rate, is a sample of what passed between Mr. Drawbell and one of his distinguished Gallery: but the reader had better not be in too great a hurry to get out his twelve-and-six. There are, says Mr. Drawbell, moments in life which occur only to the " very Worthy "—and he himself is unquestionably *very* Worthy, as his remark, indeed, implies: but even he does not meet an Elinor Glyn every day.

For *her* eyes (not to prolong the mystery) were the green pin-points: and her conversation towers above any other in the book.

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1. The Observer. 2. Spectator. 3. B'ham Post. 4. Times Lit. Supp. 5. Northern Whig. 6. Manchester Guardian. 7. Sketch. 8. A. & N. Gazette. 9. Evening Standard. 10. E. Daily Press. 11. Field.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

The other women—most of them—do their best, and Mr. Drawbell does his best with them: but beside her they are petty, cautious and sophisticated. However, Miss Eileen Bennett has some good remarks upon a sense of humour—and Miss Tilly Losch is very sound on Art. "It is something inside me," she says. "I am ill when I do not work. I am ill when I do. Surely it is the same with every artist." Yes, indeed.

Mr. Drawbell has proved an ideal collaborator: his methods are so sympathetic that it is often hard—in some cases, that, for instance, of Miss Vicki Baum, almost impossible—to determine the precise limits of responsibility. On the other hand, he is on rather unfortunate terms with English grammar: indeed, a purist called on to observe the struggle might find himself involuntarily remembering the easy plank.

The women of this Gallery *must* be in earnest: their exhibitor. . . . Perhaps it is only his sex that suggests a doubt. But then, Dickens's Mr. Quale—the amateur of female Missions—was in earnest . . . or perhaps he wasn't? There, too, a faint flavour of suspicion lingers on the palate. It seems, on the whole, a man's problem.

In conclusion, it need only be said that each member of the Gallery is represented by a photograph.

INDOOR GAMES

The Playtime Omnibus. By HUBERT PHILLIPS. *Faber and Faber.* 5*s.*

The Book of Indoor Games. By HUBERT PHILLIPS and B. C. WESTALL. *Faber and Faber.* 5*s.*

It is safe to predict that these two excellent compilations, which (to use a famous cliché) combine instruction with amusement, will (to use another) be read by young and old alike. Beer, as Stacy Aumonier's Old Lady in the Shawl used to say, is a wonderful leveller; but parlour games level age no less than rank, as many a Christmas gathering will soon testify. Is it not cheerful and humanising to picture Professor Einstein caught up with the youngsters in the whirl of Musical Chairs as he starts marching, whether from absent-mindedness or higher thought, the wrong way round? Or Sir Montagu Norman knitting his brows like any ten-year-old over Up Jenkins and failing to guess the hand that holds the money every time? Or Mr. Norman Birkett slowing up a game of Clumps as he exclaims in a fluster, "I can't think of a single question"? Or Miss Edith Evans and Mr. John Gielgud, supported by a train of juvenile supers, endeavouring to interpret the tricky part of a mat in Dumb Crambo, and being hissed and booed for their performance as they have never been hissed and booed in their professional careers?

From Dumb Crambo and Coffeepots to Chess and Contract Bridge is a far intellectual cry, but *The Book of Indoor Games* includes them all, with lucid explanations of the rules, valuable advice for those who play to win, and here and there touches of personal humour which impart a jolly air of readability. Card Games, Party Games and Pencil-and-Paper Games (which require not only pencils and paper but "something to write on") are here in profusion. Within the limits of four walls this volume would seem to provide an exhaustive answer to the question, "What shall we do?"—until you turn to *The Playtime Omnibus*, where you will discover to your surprise what a lot of ground still remains to be covered, as Word Puzzles, Intelligence Tests, Palindromes, Skiagrams and even (if you are in the mood) the Making of Toffee. To define the exact scope of each of these books would probably tax the ingenuity even of the compilers. It is unfortunate that here and there they should repeat each other. On a rough summing-up it might be said that *The Book of Indoor Games* is mainly composed of things to do with other people, while *The Playtime Omnibus* (an ideal gift for invalids) is mainly composed of things to do with yourself.

Taken separately or together, there can be no doubt that these two books do most effectively fill a gap; for although books of the same nature have been plentifully issued in the past, they have long grown musty with age and badly needed bringing up to date. Here, then, are all the latest games, with most of the old ones, too. A few seem to have dropped out. In our young days no Book of Games was complete without Postman's Knock and Kiss-in-the-Ring—two ordeals abhorred of all children which may now have fallen into desuetude at juvenile parties, thanks to a more humane attitude on the part of grown-ups. At the same time, we are sorry to see them go—a sign, perhaps, of age. Might they not be included in future editions with the strict proviso, "For adults only"?

HERBERT FARJEON.

SYNTHETIC ADVENTURE

A Modern Sinbad, An Autobiography. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d*

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As the demand for adventure grows travel becomes commercialised, and in doing so loses charm, thrill and interest. Those who formerly were driven to wandering by internal or external necessity are now paid by publishers to live the books they shall write for them. But the result is sham. Whatever may be the other products of crossing the Atlas Mountains in a sedan chair or pogoing through Pomerania, interest is not one. The hired adventurer may enjoy himself in what he does, as Mr. Muspratt obviously did, and yet hate writing the book. Or like Mr. Tweedy, he may enjoy both the doing and the writing. Yet because these things are being done in order to be written about, they are false even before they come into being.

Mr. Muirhead's book, worse written than either, is better for this reason alone, that he has not lived with one eye on a public, but hunted and shot from a deep need of his nature. Yet, though the experience is authentic, the book is a bad one, because Mr. Muirhead felt no necessity to write it, merely agreeing to under pressure from friends.

A Modern Sinbad, on the other hand, is truly lived and written. It is racy, exciting, full of most diverse incident, yet made coherent by the author's continual desire to improve his circumstances in every way. He undergoes hardship, consciously, at least, with the purpose of attaining ease; travels in order to be able to settle down, and finds adventure by not seeking for it. So at the end of his life there is little he has not done; few places

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he has not visited. A man of parts, in turn bandsman in the Salvation Army at Oxford, chorister, midwife, sailor in all capacities, commercial traveller, shop manager, packer, waiter, author and murderer, he has been shipwrecked and sailed safe through hurricanes and tried to murder his wife and refused the O. Henry prize for short stories, because he wasn't an American. There is a sincerity and honesty both in his conduct and writing that seem to have made his life a failure and his book a success; they present his personality clear-cut yet do not obtrude it in the way that Mr. Muspratt does his. Publishers will not induce their tame adventurers, however masochistic they may be, and however large the advance, to undergo a tenth of Modern Sinbad's adventures. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Harrap's will follow up this autobiography with a volume of the author's short stories.

Sailormen All and *Explorers All* are both hashed up from other books. Each is too garnished, but the materials are good. They will be popular among those who prefer the twice chewed.

A. Calder-Marshall

THE SEASONS

The Farmer's Year. With text and illustrations by Clare Leighton. *Collins.* 10s. 6d.

The year is so rich in variety that men have always delighted in describing the seasons month by month; the oldest story in the world is always fresh, and Clare Leighton has made a most beautiful book of telling it again with pen and graver. All of her large woodcuts are fine pieces of work, but one or two, such as sowing and ploughing, suffer from the rather conventional symbolic poses of the figures. Far more individual and full of the feeling of the country is lopping the branches of pollard willows and driving the cows in to milk on a July evening. Miss Leighton has given us a complete picture of the English year: we seem to be in Wiltshire in the spring, but find ourselves in Kent for the apple picking, Devon for the cider-making, and are among the beechwoods of Bucks with a chairmaker in November. This widens our outlook; we are conscious of the whole of the English landscape, but it generalises each picture. We feel that everything Miss Leighton has set down is something she has seen, but she has not always felt it with the intensity with which she has felt the cold of the January night during the lambing. January, February and July are the best months; she has put greater feeling into them. The text, going with the illustrations, shows that Miss Leighton knows farm-life very well and that she has lived on a farm. Occasionally she uses an unfortunate inversion "all the day have the rabbits run inwards" or "Bloom is upon the plum tree," which reminds one of the witty saying that "white daisy" is prose but "daisy white" is poetry, and on one occasion she says: "the huntsmen, too, invade the woods, squawks of pheasants tear the air as sharp shots are heard." Shooting parties are not called huntsmen in England. But for one line at which to quibble there are very many for which to thank her; as where she speaks of the maternal warmth of the sheepfold and standing hay so solid that one is surprised when a rabbit disappears into it.

SHORTER NOTICES

A Bunch of Blue Ribbons. Collected by Innes Rose. *Chapman and Hall.* 6s.

"No one but a fool ever wrote for anything but money," so perhaps there is some explanation of this collection. It purports to be the soothing Cambridge reply to the bad-tempered young men who have disgraced Oxford by showing some signs of political common sense. Mr. Rose's object is, he says, to teach us to "enjoy the perdurable beauties of life"; to persuade us that "it is possible to find something worth liking in this present crazy world"; that "it is gentlemanly to die for your king and country"; and that "to be unpatriotic is the one unpardonable crime, and it is better to be a good soldier than a bad poet." He "inclines to prefer the hearty college rugger colours, beer, pipe and all, before the pale, primping pansy who ululates in the Union." Mr. Rose would also like to be able to balance a performing seal on the end of his nose—and indeed there are less profitable occupations. It is perhaps the natural consequence of all this fuss about liking things that the only essays in the collection that are likely to give anyone any pleasure are destructive and critical. Mr. Wynyard Browne's attack on Dr. Leavis—"Dr. Peevish"—is amusingly malicious and to the point. Mr. Elwyn Jones's attack on morality and persecution is an admirable piece of propaganda. Mr. Paul Weston makes a very spirited and sympathetic attack on the Jingos. One cannot think why Mr. Rose admitted anything so unpatriotic. Then there are two pieces

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of debunking, Mr. Saltmarshe's sob-sister on Oxford, and Mr. Davidson on Outposts of Empire. The latter really deserves a place on the staff of *Ballyhoo*. Colonel Slumberbottom and Sir Julian Vommitter should join Elmer Zilch without delay. The rest of the stuff is just genteel journalism by amateurs, some of it "urbane," some rather sentimental and uplifting, some reactionary. Baron de Rutzen is clearly a budding Nazi, if not perhaps the genuine imported article.

Anonymous Letters. By DR. ROBERT SAUDEK. *Methuen.* 5*s*.

This study in crime and handwriting is in effect an apologia for his profession by an international expert on handwriting. Dr. Saudek feels deeply the popular mistrust with which the handwriting expert has been regarded throughout the ages. He believes this attitude is due to the popular acceptance of self-styled experts, amateurs devoid of any scientific training, an opinion which he illustrates by a vivid account of the testimony in the trial of Dreyfus. In this account, which is by far the best part of his book, he re-examines the bordereau in connection with the acknowledged autographs of Dreyfus and Esterhazy, and is stimulated in his denunciation of Bertillon and his supporters by his indignation at the harm they did to the reputation of experts. He then discusses similarities and dissimilarities in writing and the possibility of the existence of identical hands, the characteristics of anonymous and blackmailing letters and forgeries.

Dr. Saudek is admirably balanced in his judgments, and admits that in most cases of disputed handwriting the expert must rely upon details of circumstantial evidence. The expert, he explains, is impressed by minute and inconspicuous features, whereas juries are persuaded rather by the conspicuous features, which have little weight with the expert since, in the case of forgery, for example, these are the very elements which the forger has sought to achieve. He maintains, however, that the modern scientific methods of handwriting experts enable them in the majority of cases to be certain in their judgments. Dr. Saudek handles this technical subject with considerable ease, and writes clearly and persuasively. His book, which is freely illustrated, should prove of deep interest to amateur criminologists and readers of detective stories.

Jean de Reszke, and the Great Days of Opera. By CLARA LEISER. *Howe.* 18*s*.

De Reszke's American biographer may be pardoned her sub-title. There is enthusiasm enough and to spare in this account of Jean and his brother Edouard, the two giants (physically so) of the operatic stage. Jean began his career as a baritone, but his change to tenor involved none of that "pushing up" common to singers who hope to increase their fame and receipts. Since he refused, perhaps wisely at that date to make gramophone records, most of us must take on trust the excellence of his voice, and especially his interpretations of Tristan and Siegfried. In her catalogue of Jean's European and American successes Miss Leiser has quoted much from contemporary critics, of course including Mr. Bernard Shaw. She has also wrapped the Wagnerian roles in a haze of glory gilded by quotations from all the major poets she can lay hands on. But there are closer and more valuable descriptions of de Reszke's methods to interest the opera lover, and the anecdotes of both Jean and Edouard are in accordance with the size and magnanimity of the singers. The enormous Edouard played Hagen to Jean's Siegfried and Frère Laurent to Jean's Romeo; nor was there any jealousy despite the fact that before Chaliapin overthrew tradition no bass could secure the rewards due to a tenor. Whatever the shortcomings of Miss Leiser's writing, she does convey a fair picture of both brothers and of the anxieties, triumphs and exertions that ruled their profession.

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Gerald Fitzgerald. The Great Earl of Kildare. By DONOUGH BRYAN. *Talbot Press, Dublin.* 20*s*.

This work on later mediaeval Ireland, with its large basis of investigation of unpublished sources, such as the Norman-French Statutes of the Irish Parliaments of Edward IV and Richard III, has its chief importance as a contribution to Irish historical scholarship. It can, however, be read with interest by anyone who is conversant with Irish affairs. Gerald of the great Anglo-Irish House of the Geraldines, fourth Earl of Kildare, was in his way one of the most successful rulers Ireland has ever known. He showed himself competent over many years to maintain peace and understanding, on the one hand, between Ireland as a whole and the English monarch, and, on the other, between the "English in Ireland" and the native princes of Ulster. He was endowed with many qualities: physical courage, a fine presence, quick resource, an alert mind. He was never at a loss in an emergency; but what Ireland, then at the watershed between mediaeval and modern, needed he did not supply—the planning brain of a Louis XI, the secret and patient weaving of a web of national policy. Neither he nor any of his peers among the great semi-independent lords of feudal Ireland ever gave a hint of a thoughtful, far-seeing statesmanship. Although he seems to have had no racial bigotry and had promoted marriage alliances between the Geraldines and the O'Neills, nothing was done during his ascendancy to end the laws which put the "mere Irish" outside the pale. The Renaissance passed Ireland by utterly; and the Great Earl, when he died, left Ireland much as he found her.

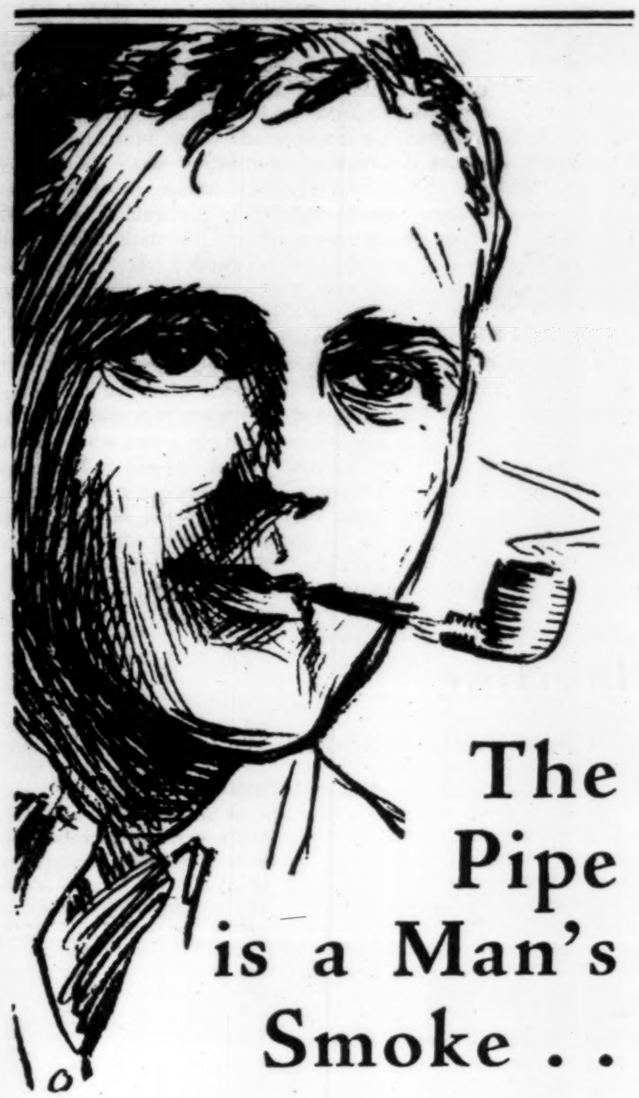
A National Gallery: Being a Collection of English Characters. Compiled by C. C. and D. G. Illustrated by John Austen. *Secker.* 6*s*.

This anthology, in prose and verse, of English characters, aims further at being a compendium of the English character. "Couples and families as well as individuals, and dogs and wet days, as well as worthy, wicked or ideal men and women" are included in the collection. We are warned against expecting the choice of "perfect literary pieces"; a few of the selections are characters by Earle, Overbury and others, intended for the small frame; most are extracts from poems, novels and essays. The result is varied and rather tantalising. Fragments of individual portraits, squibs, cartoons of all periods crowd the walls; a pair of eyebrows starts out of the blank canvas, a hand like a bunch of sausages; we are left to fill in the rest. A succession of finished pictures would no doubt have been difficult to achieve and monotonous in effect. It is better to aim at diversion, and to rely on the unfamiliarity of one's exhibits. These are the merits of *A National Gallery*. Novelists on the whole are represented more than poets, but it is noticeable that the snippets from poems show up better than prose extracts: Chaucer and Crabbe, particularly, lose little out of their context.

About Motoring

THE TRAFFIC CASUALTY REPORT

THE report of the Ministry of Transport for the first six months of 1933 contains two pointers which are receiving heavy emphasis from a multitude of commentators. The first is that in the majority of fatal accidents the lethal vehicle was not travelling at more than twenty miles per hour. The second outstanding feature is that rather more than half of the people who met their deaths on the roads were pedestrians—namely, 1,581 pedestrians in a total of 3,025 persons killed. The alleged low average speed of the death-dealing vehicles has naturally been seized upon by motorists and by the journals published in the motoring interest as an argument against the reimposition of speed limits, but it is entirely illusory. The police themselves admit the grave difficulty of obtaining reliable data about speed in such accidents. The victim is dead. The driver is not normally likely to exaggerate his speed. If witnesses are available, their estimates of the speed will invariably prove conflicting, and can seldom be trusted further than to



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assume that the speed was tolerably high if the witnesses agree in stating a high figure. The plain fact is that we are all accustomed to witness high speed, if not to travel at high speed. We take little notice of it unless the speed is obviously absurd in view of the road conditions; and if a person is knocked down our first concentration is upon the actual accident, and on subsequent reflection only a very honest and judicial mind is trustworthy about the preliminary factors. On the other hand, a great many fatalities occur in busy places, and a car travelling at twenty miles an hour in Piccadilly is potentially more dangerous than the same car travelling at fifty miles an hour along the Great North Road's comparatively empty straights. Still, it would be rash to assume that absolute speed is not more perilous than this report is able to assert.

The second outstanding feature, namely the lamentable toll taken of pedestrian traffic, is far more dependable, and immediately suggests definite reforms. A scientific analysis, such as Colonel Mervyn O'Gorman has repeatedly demanded, would illuminate the situation far more clearly. Who are the pedestrians? Where are they killed? Such an analysis would swiftly inform us what percentage of these 1,581 walkers are children playing in mean streets; what percentage are tramping along country roads, what percentage are town workers, hurrying to and from their places of employment; what percentage are shoppers; and so forth. Imagine that such an analysis revealed that 50 per cent. of the 1,581 were walking on the carriageway of streets in towns when they were killed. We should instantly be confronted with the obvious opportunity to reduce the fatalities by a very high fraction. If Sir Thomas More were alive and attempted to describe a city of the twenty-first century, he might for example picture streets which could only be crossed afoot at certain marked crossings. Each such crossing might be protected by a robot light signal, flanked by slotted roads, out of which transverse barriers rose to guard the crossing when the lights were against traffic. The sidewalk might be railed off from the carriageway except at these crossing points. Alternatively, the crossing points might take the form of subways, or the carriageway might be dipped at the crossing to a depth of say 5ft. with an overhead bridge raised to 5ft. above the datum line of the road, so as to reduce the muscular effort demanded of pedestrians, although such a road would be impassable by vehicles exceeding 9ft. 6in. total height. There are a host of expedients by which we could eliminate such street accidents with absolute certainty. The methods might all be too expensive for application to small towns, but even small towns could afford railed pavements and light-guarded crossing points, whilst the great cities could adopt all the necessary safeguards. It is true that the roads of England were originally created for and used exclusively by pedestrian traffic or mounted people; but historic right in such matters is a trivial affair compared to a toll of over 3,000 deaths per annum. The analysis might proceed to show that another 25 per cent. of the pedestrians were killed whilst tramping along country roads; if carried a stage further, it might prove that 20 per cent. of these deaths were ascribable to such roads having no sidewalk, or a rough sidewalk. In many places the roads have been widened to carry modern traffic by the brutal expedient of throwing the original sidewalk into the carriage way, so that no separate accommodation for pedestrians any longer exists. There are places where the restoration of a continuous footwalk would be impossible owing to the existence of valuable buildings; but many thousands of miles of public road could be cheaply furnished with excellent footways at a nominal cost and without causing inconvenience to anybody. A short and simple Act would confer the required powers. In all these matters it would be folly to act without further investigations. The crux of the whole matter at the moment is that the essential detailed investigations are not being made. For example, the present report tells us that of these slaughtered dead pedestrians 633 were killed whilst crossing "the road." What sort of road? How many of these died in towns of less than 5,000 population? How many in cities of 25,000 people or more? How many in villages? 224 were killed whilst passing in front or behind stationary vehicles, a fact which throws town parking outside shops into high relief, and definitely suggests the need of prohibition of the parking of private cars outside shops, and possibly outside private houses except in selected streets which carry no heavy traffic. 314 were killed whilst "running into the roadway," a statement which automatically suggests the railed-off footwalk; sixty-nine were killed whilst stepping off the kerb, a percentage bearing a similar moral.

If we are walkers, the report warns us that lack of attention on our own part is a definite element of danger, as the peak fatalities occur at three times every day, viz., when we are going to work, and are not yet wholly alert; when we are going to lunch, and are distracted by our release from toil; and when we are going home at night, and are wearied. If we happen to be rather speedy motorists, we are reminded of the need for continuous concentration, by the fact that only 1 per cent. of the fatal accidents are proved to occur at speeds of forty miles an hour and over; most of them are encountered at more rational speeds, when normal conditions lull us to an illusion of safety.

R. E. DAVIDSON

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PROBLEM 51.—DUDPORE

The Rajah of Dudpore has on two occasions presented his wife with pearls—9,382,481 pearls in all. On her engagement he gave her, for each year of her age, as many boxes as she was years old. In each box were as many caskets as there were boxes for each year; in each casket as many strings of pearls as there were caskets in each box; on each string as many pearls as there were strings of pearls in the casket. He gave her a second present on her wedding-day planned on identical lines.

The Ranee is young and beautiful; she was married yesterday. *For how many years was she engaged?*

PROBLEM 49.—MISS TAPPITT

The point of this problem was missed by some solvers. (Should I, I wonder, have made it clearer?) Torquemada said, "I'll just tell you three things," and from this it should be inferred that the "three things" reported by Torquemada make possible the determination of the placing of the candidates. On that assumption, the problem has a unique solution; Miss Tappitt can only be *fourth* out of seven candidates; whereas if there are six candidates she may, of course, occupy a number of positions. The problem is similar in conception to an earlier one, "The Professor's Daughters," which some solvers may remember.

PROBLEM 48.—THE THREE GOLFERS

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to F. Addison, "Ashgar," Shadwell Walk, Moortown, Leeds.

There were 31 correct solutions.

There was a slip in the last line of the published solution: the words "Jones" and "Robinson" being inadvertently transposed. Nine points are awarded for this problem.

A LITTLE CIPHER

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9477, 4 7411 01278, 60 807 on the 75641
Of 354849 the 3256114 who 840 not any 7461.

Try the above on the children. The keyword is a word of ten letters, represented by the digits 1, 2, 3 . . . 0. I will give a copy of my "Playtime Omnibus" to the first correct solution opened.

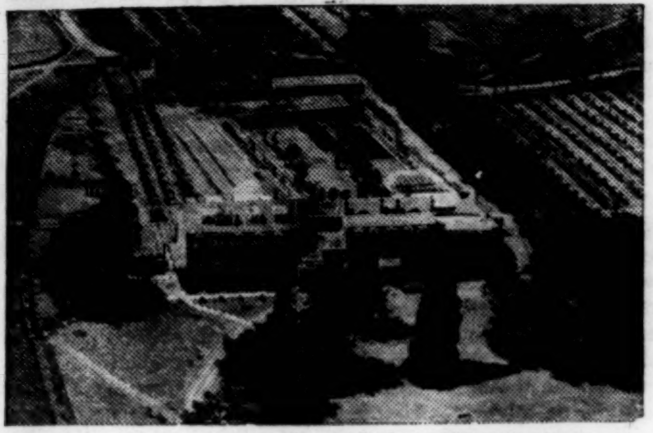
PLAYTIME DINNER

The dinner will be held at the Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2, on Thursday, January 11th, at 7.30 for 8. Morning dress. All readers of this column, and as many friends as they care to bring, will be welcome at the dinner. Parlour games, to follow the dinner, are being arranged by the Committee.

Applications for tickets (5s. per person, exclusive of wines), should be addressed to the Hon. Sec., Mr. S. T. Shovelton, at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Mr. Shovelton will be glad if those wishing to attend will apply as early as possible, and in any case not later than January 4th.

CALIBAN

Christmas at The Stanboroughs



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WATFORD Telephone: Watford 5252 **HERTS**

The Stanboroughs—Christmas, 1933

Saturday, December 23rd: Arthur W. Manning, Humour and original Entertainment at the Piano.
Sunday, Christmas Eve: Festive Music, vocal and instrumental, by the Staff.
Monday, Christmas Day: Christmas Tree and Entertainment by the Children.
Tuesday, Boxing Day: Cinema Programme.
Wednesday, December 27th: Miscellaneous Concert, Miss Upson & Party.
Thursday, December 28th: Instrumental Music & Elocution.

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Will you play your part in maintaining this tradition—so that every S.O.S. shall always be answered? Every year the Life-Boat Service needs 1,000,000 contributions of 5/- each.

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TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Breathing Passages Clear
Infection Overcome
Your Cold must disappear

WHILST the breathing passages are choked with mucus the respiratory system cannot function properly. If the infection is not dealt with, the real cause of the cold is left unattacked.

"Vapex" succeeds because it deals with both these problems at the same time.

The simple act of breathing the "Vapex" vapour from your handkerchief—

Opens a way through the mucus-laden passages of nose and throat.

Carries an active germicide into direct contact with the infected area. (Every cold is an infection and, therefore, dangerous.)

You can definitely feel the first part of the "Vapex" activity—the stuffiness and congestion are rapidly relieved, the head clears, breathing becomes easier. And all the time the germicidal vapour is fighting the hidden infection which is the real cause of the trouble.

Always keep "Vapex" in the house so that you can use it at the first sign of a cold—that "stuffiness" which means that the germs are multiplying. Delay is dangerous. Use "Vapex" and Breathe.

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Dr. Johnson

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DEAF & DUMB
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

STABILISATION NONSENSE—GERMANY'S WILL TO DEFAULT—MR. ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN'S FUTURE—IRON AND STEEL SHARES

THIS stabilisation talk shows a complete lack of understanding of the American problem. President Roosevelt has said that to fix the gold content of the dollar before securing the desired rise in commodity prices would be putting the cart before the horse. Of course, if the gold content of the dollar were fixed to correspond with the existing rates of exchange between the dollar and the gold currencies, which make the dollar undervalued on the basis of existing purchasing power parities, it is conceivable that there would be a large flow of gold to America and, as a result, an inflationary rise in American prices. But what Mr. Roosevelt meant was that an immediate return to gold would interfere with the exercise of his inflationary powers and upset for the time being his price-lifting—or reflation—policy. And as he has to raise prices by a *further* 38 per cent. in order to bring the dollar down to its 1926 purchasing power, he has still a long way to go before he can consider stabilising on gold. Nevertheless, he has probably discovered that a rapid and artificial advance in the dollar price of gold is not the best way to set about it. The recent gold buying (pretended more than real) has merely raised the dollar prices of imported and international commodities, but has had little effect upon the general level of internal prices. This will be apparent from the following indices :—

SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1931 = 100.

	Primary Products.		Wholesale Prices.	
	(*a*) British in Sterling.	(*b*) American in Dollars.	(*a*) British ("Economist").	(*b*) American (Irving Fisher).
Feb. 22nd, 1933	104.2	76.9	99.5	79.9
July 12th, 1933	119.2	129.2	109.1	99.8
Oct. 18th, 1933	112.8	109.1	106.4	103.7
Nov. 1st, 1933	114.4	114.0	105.9	104.1
Nov. 15th, 1933	113.8	122.0	104.8	104.5
Nov. 29th, 1933	114.7	117.1	104.4	104.0*

* November 22nd.

The best way to secure an "inflationary" rise in prices is to press on with the vast schemes of public works and relief, that is, to hasten the unbalancing of the budget. This seems to be the present policy of the administration. There is only one event which could push President Roosevelt back to gold before the due season. This is some sort of money panic following upon wild inflationary legislation by Congress—a panic flight of capital or a panic run on the banks or a panic lock-out at the great manufacturing plants. However, a panic flight of money into commodities and commodity "equities" would probably bring about the 38 per cent. rise in the price level which Mr. Roosevelt is seeking, so that stabilisation would follow as a matter of course. But do not let us assume that a Roosevelt stabilisation is the same fixed thing as a return to the old gold standard.

* * *

The power of Nazidom seems to have gone to the head of Dr. Schacht. In appearance and manner he has always been like a Prussian stationmaster or policeman, and when he ordered Germany's foreign creditors to Berlin recently to consider an extension of the present long-term debt moratorium, it was to give them a lecture on how creditors should behave in times of depression. Having intimated that the maintenance of the present 50 per cent. cash payments on all the long-term loans, except the 7 per cent. (Dawes) and 5½ per cent. (Young) loans, could only be maintained during the next half-year at the expense of the present small Reichsbank holdings of gold and currency (*i.e.* that complete default would occur next June), he went on to advance the theory, originally put forward by an economist in a private memorandum, that when debtor countries cannot remit the whole of their external debt service creditors should become "equity" shareholders and should receive a "dividend" (when possible) instead of fixed payments. In other words, Germany should be in the position to decide what dividend might be paid. This is a strange view of the contractual relationship between creditor and debtor. The British representatives plainly told Dr. Schacht that a sufficient case had not been made out for making any change in the existing moratorium arrangements to the detriment of creditors. The matter is now to be taken up diplomatically. But what action can be taken by the British or any other creditor Government? Germany's good faith in money matters may be suspect, but no Power would send troops into the Ruhr to collect the debts of their rentier classes. The trouble is that Germany, having re-equipped her industries with the money showered upon her by America in the boom, is now in a position to ignore financial help from abroad and to snap her fingers at her creditors. It is not a very pleasant situation, but in spite of the German ruthlessness, when upper-dog, the market believes that the interest on the 7 per cent. (Dawes) and 5½ per cent. (Young) loans will continue to be paid.

* * *

When Mr. Arthur Chamberlain appears before the shareholders of Tube Investments to give the annual account of his stewardship he generally assumes the role of prophet at an early stage of the proceedings. It is after all much more fun being an oracle than a recording angel. This year he told his audience that our trade recovery would continue until about the end of next summer and then stop, that there might then be some retrogression, but that after an interval of 1½ to 2 years there would again be an advance. His theory appears to have been based mainly on his conviction that tariffs bring happiness for a time, but afterwards suffering—coming from a Chamberlain and uttered in Birmingham this pronouncement should carry weight—and partly on a somewhat unreasonable alarm at the American experiment. He qualified his prophecy with the remark that if world tariffs were lowered as a result of the British forcing tactics the departure from free trade might ultimately prove beneficial, but so far, he remarked, the net result of our change of policy had been a very appreciable increase in world tariffs. As for America, he put the Roosevelt experiment as "one that within the next year will have a serious retarding effect on world recovery, if not actually causing a setback." Seeing that Mr. Chamberlain has always admired and believed in the success of the Russian experiment, we presume that he regards Mr. Roosevelt as much worse than a Bolshevik.

* * *

But to return to stocks and shares. Mr. Chamberlain confessed that he had an old-fashioned objection to paying over 38*s*. for a £1 share on which only a dividend of 8 per cent. is being paid. A yield of 4 per cent. on Tube Investments shares at 40*s*. is, however, higher than the average yield on British industrial shares, which is 3.55 per cent. according to the Actuaries Investment Index, and considerably higher than the average yield on iron and steel shares, which is only 1.76 per cent. If we compare Tube Investments with other shares in the finished section of the iron and steel industry we shall find that its dividend yield is unique. The others are paying no dividends at all. Stewarts and Lloyd dividendless deferred shares look overvalued at 22*s*. 3*d*. Guest, Keen and Nettlefolds, which is not paying even its second preference share dividends, are not cheap at 16*s*. Even Richard Thomas ordinary shares at 2*s*. 9*d*. may be dear if the reconstruction scheme is to give the preference shares about 90 per cent. of the "equity." The secret of Tube Investments success is that it caters mainly for the home market and, in addition to steel tubes, is developing subsidiary lines, such as steel office furniture, cycle fittings, steel golf shafts and electrical accessories. In 1931–32 its trading profits were only 5 per cent. below, and in the year to October, 1933, were actually better than, those of 1928–29. We must, therefore, compare Tube Investments rather with the specialised coal, iron and steel companies which produce mainly for the home market :

	Year ended.	% Earned.	% Paid.	Price.		Gross Dividend. Yield %.		
				s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Staveley Coal & Iron £1 shs.	June, 1933	6.5 free of tax	5.0 free of tax	32	3	4	2	8
Stanton Iron-works £1 ..	March, 1933	8.0	10.0	45	6	4	7	11
Whitehead Iron Steel £1	do.	21.4	12.5	52	0	4	16	2
Sheepbridge Coal & Iron £1	June, 1933	7.1	5.0	22	0	4	10	11

These are prosperous companies, but all the iron and steel trade have done better this year. Up to the end of November the monthly outputs of pig iron and steel ingots and castings have shown increases of 13.4 per cent. and 31.5 per cent. respectively over 1932. These are the first effects of the tariffs and the depreciation of the pound. If Mr. Arthur Chamberlain is right it would be unwise to expect another twelve months of recovery at this pace.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALHAMBRA. Lilac Time.
Xmas Week:—Boxing Day, Wed., Thurs., Sat.
New Year's Week:—Mon., Wed., Sat.

DRURY LANE. Ball at the Savoy. W. & S.

DUCHESS. Laburnum Grove. Th. & Sat.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Wed. & Sat.
The Rose Without a Thorn.

GLOBE. "Proscenium." Tues. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Give Me a Ring. W. & S.

HOLBORN EMPIRE. Daily 2.15.
Where the Rainbow Ends.

PALACE. Gay Divorce. Wed. & Sat.

PICCADILLY. Sleeping Clergyman. M. W. S.

PLAYHOUSE. The World of Light. W. & S.

ST. JAMES'. Wed. & Sat.
The Late Christopher Bean.

S. MARTIN'S. The Wind & the Rain. M. Tu. F.

WESTMINSTER. DAILY.
Alice & Thomas & Jane.

WINTER GARDEN. On the Rocks. W. S. 2.15.

THEATRES

ALHAMBRA. (Whi. 2525). Sat. Dec. 23, at 8.15.
LILAC TIME.
HELEN GILLILAND, DEREK OLDHAM,
MAURICE d'OISLY and W. H. BERRY.

CROYDON REPERTORY. Fairfield 4529.
Dec. 18, SECOND WEEK. Nightly at 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
WUTHERING HEIGHTS.
A NEW PLAY from the novel by EMILY BRONTE.
By Mary Pakington & Olive Walter.
All seats bookable, 1/6 to 3/6. Close to W. Croydon Stn.

DRURY LANE. 8.15. W., S., & Dec. 26 & 28, 2.30.
BALL AT THE SAVOY.
An Operetta.
Oskar Denes, Natalie Hall, Rosy Barsony.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30, Mat., Th., Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN in a New Comedy
LABURNUM GROVE. By J. B. PRIESTLEY.
Christmas Mats., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Tem. 5122.) Evgs., 8.30.
Mats., Wed. & Sat. 2.30. People's National Theatre.
THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

GLOBE. 8.30. Tu. Sat., 2.30. Extra Mat. Dec. 28.
FAY COMPTON. IVOR NOVELLO.
ZENA DARE. JOAN BARRY.
"PROSCENIUM."

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. W. & S., 2.30.
Extra Xmas Mats., Dec. 26 & 28.
GIVE ME A RING.
Binnie Hale, Flanagan and Allen, Huntley Wright,
Gina Malo, John Mills, John Garrick.

HOLBORN EMPIRE. Fri. Dec. 22 & Daily 2.15.
ITALIA CONTI Production.
WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.
Pop. Prices. Box Office (Hol. 5367) and all Libraries.

PALACE, Cambridge Circus, Shafts. Ave. Ger. 6834.
8.30. Mats., WED., SAT., & Dec. 26 & Jan. 1, 2.30.
FRED ASTAIRE in **GAY DIVORCE.**
With CLAIRE LUCE and OLIVE BLAKENEY.

PALACE. Children's Talkie Matinee.
Thurs. Dec. 21st, 2.45 p.m. £1 to 1s. 6d.
MICKEY MOUSE, SILLY SYMPHONIES, LAUREL & HARDY and a 'WILD WEST'
In aid of the Children's Country Holidays Fund, 17 Buckingham Street, Strand, from whom tickets may be obtained (or at theatre and agencies).

PICCADILLY. 8.30. 3 Mats., Mon., Wed., Sat. 2.30.
Extra Mats. Boxing Day and Dec. 28th at 2.30.
BARRY JACKSON presents
A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.
ERNEST THESIGER.
DORICE FORDRED. ROBERT DONAT.

PLAYHOUSE. Whi. 7774. Finishing Dec. 23rd.
Evgs., at 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
ALDOUS HUXLEY'S notable comedy,
THE WORLD OF LIGHT.
"Absorbing, rich, pointful, superior."—*The Nation.*
CATHLEEN NESBITT. AUBREY MATHER.

ST. JAMES'. Whitehall 3903. Evenings, 8.30.
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The Late CHRISTOPHER BEAN.
EDITH EVANS. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Temple Bar 1443. Evgs., 8.30.
Mats., Mon., Tues., Fri. & Wed., Dec. 27, 2.30.
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
By MERTON HODGE.
CELIA JOHNSON. ROBERT HARRIS.

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283). 2/5 to 10/6.
Commencing WED. Dec. 20, and Daily 2.30.
Evgs., Boxing Day, subs. Thurs. & Sat. at 8.
ALICE & THOMAS & JANE.

WINTER GARDEN. (Hol. 8881). 6*d.* to 5/-.
Evgs., 8. Wed., Sat. & Boxing Day, 2.15.
ON THE ROCKS.
A New Play by BERNARD SHAW.

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COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
12 Noon. (Sundays 6 & 8.30.)
THE GOOD COMPANIONS
and
I WAS A SPY.

EMPIRE Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
SERVICE.
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Also MARGOT GRAHAME in *I ADORE YOU.*

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, December 17th, at 11 a.m. C. DELISLE BURNS, M.A., D.Lit.: Barbarism and Progress. 6.30, Concert. Chamber Music.

Tuesday, December 19th, at 7 p.m. WILLIAM KENT: The London Shakespeare Knew. (Lantern Lecture.)
Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

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ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS, ROYAL INSTITUTE GALLERIES, 195 Piccadilly, W.1. DAILY 10–5. Admission 1*s.*

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OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Comfort, refinement, Bedroom and Breakfast from 8*s.* 6*d.* per night. Illustrated Booklet, "London Old and New," on application.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5*s.* 6*d.* day, or 30*s.* weekly. With dinner, 6*s.* 6*d.* or 2 guineas weekly.

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TO LET, Nr. Hammersmith Broadway, furnished bed-sitting room and kitchenette, suit young couple, or business men and women. Ref. essential, £1 per week. Apply: 85 Shepherd's Bush Road, W.12.

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REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS.—Any length cut. Patterns free on stating shades desired.—JAMES STREET TWEED DEPOT, 104 Stornoway, N.B.

FOR the too-active brain Allenburys Diet is the best night-cap. Send 3*d.* stamps for ¼ lb. trial sample. ALLEN AND HANBURYS, LTD. (Dept. NS.3), 37 Lombard St., E.C.3.

ARTIFICIAL Sun Bathing. German lines, both sexes, in West End solarium. Ultra Violet insolation, physical exercises, games. Prevents winter colds, rheumatism. Cures insomnia, nerves, depression. Third winter season. Write Box 378, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

PEACE AND FREEDOM

Rally to the
ALBERT HALL
Tuesday, December 19

Speakers:
ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.
C. R. ATTLEE, M.P.
R. A. PALMER
ANNE LOUGHLIN
WALTER M. CITRINE

TICKETS (1s. and 6d.) from the advertised centres or from the National Joint Council, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1.

Wise Charity—

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND ARETHUSA TRAINING SHIP

The work of this society was begun in 1843 by a crippled solicitor's clerk and one or two friends who founded a "ragged school" in a loft over a cowshed in Streatham Street. The first home was founded in 1852. Under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury the first training ship was started, and the work of the society prospered until in 1933 there were 1,088 children in the homes and the ship. It is interesting to realise some of the results of such work, and, in the case of this society, placing the children in employment is one of its principal cares. 7,555 boys have been found civil employment, and among those who have been trained for their trades in the society's hostel, many have been the cause of letters from their employers asking for more of the same sort. In addition, 1,048 have been helped to emigrate, 3,820 girls have been prepared for domestic work, 6,967 boys have joined the mercantile marine, and thousands have joined one of the services either in the ordinary way or as bandsmen, for the training of whom the society has become famous. During the last year it has been necessary to provide a new ship in place of the original one, and this has presented the society with a bill for £40,000, of which three-quarters has been met. The remaining quarter and the ordinary expenses of maintenance amount to about £80,000. In view of the very complete and satisfactory training which the children receive for life, every penny may be considered well spent. The Secy., 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

THE ROYAL ASSOCIATION IN AID OF THE DEAF AND DUMB

The Association, like so many of the voluntary movements which have made so much difference to the social life of our times, took its rise from a movement begun in the first half of last century. It now provides for more than 5,000 of the deaf and dumb, both special missions and recreation in the shape of games, lectures, clubs both for children and adults, camps and special holidays. Efforts are being made to extend this work to the whole country, for there are still many communities where the deaf and dumb live in the complete isolation from which the Association alone can deliver them. A new home, to accommodate fifty, has lately been inaugurated in beautiful surroundings at Belvedere in Kent, and in these times even more effort than usual has to be expended to secure employment, as the Association does, for those who find it so difficult in times of prosperity. In addition there is the constant need for workers to act as interpreters in hospitals or in courts, at church services such as weddings and baptisms, and in all cases of difficulty between the deaf and the hearing. The work of Dr. Eichholz and of Dr. Helen Keller have shown what it is possible to do for the deaf and the blind. It is this Association which ensures that their work shall exert its full benefit in this country. The Secy., 413, Oxford Street, W.1.

THE SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY

In ninety years of service the Shaftesbury Society has entered many fields of work. There are 177 missions, which administer clinics, infant welfare centres and day nurseries, medical missions, and clubs and societies of various kinds; 8,200 cripples are cared for in the Society's parlours and guilds, and there are 270 crippled children in its residential schools. Holiday homes and Christmas distributions are also part of the work done. The Mansion House meeting last month showed some evidence of the way in which cripples may be and have been made self-supporting in the Society's workshops. Even in these penurious times the work is being extended. A new branch has been opened at Downham. The foundation stone of one at Becontree was lately laid, and schemes are waiting for approval by the borough councils at Brentford and Gravesend. The increasing needs of outer London are thus being met, and there are demands on the Society from other new sources, all of which, it is hoped, will be met in time. The Secy., 32, John Street, W.C.1.

THE DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK'S AID ASSOCIATION

This society now supports 315 pensioners who could not be dealt with in any other way, and in addition has been able to help in 1,045 cases of difficulty which could not be met by appeal to any of the ordinary sources. Nobody who reads the letters of thanks received from beneficiaries can think that the money is being ill directed or extravagantly spent. And apart from the aged and infirm, to whom many of the benefits go, due attention is paid to providing the opportunity for self-support. The Association acts as a disposal agency for the work done by many who cannot hold their own in the market for standardised articles, yet are valuable workers in a small field. In addition to direct contributions, it appeals for orders for such work as embroidery, leather work, illuminated manuscripts, miniatures, specially constructed wireless sets, and the like. The Secy., 75, Brook Green, W.6.

Your "note" will ring in
Bank of England
Promise to pay the Bea
on Demand the sum
Ten Shillings
Ten Shillings
their Christmas Bells

THE Christmas aim of the Church Army is to provide warmth and good cheer for those in genuine need.

There will be sadness and suffering enough in the homes of the very poor; the question is whether we can pull together to make the number of sufferers as small as possible.

WHAT ARE THE PROMPTINGS OF YOUR HEART?

Will you not show sympathy with these very poor families? Your gift to help one or more will be gratefully received by Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

£5 will provide parcels of good fare for TEN POOR FAMILIES. **10/-** will pay for ONE such parcel.

CHURCH ARMY

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF READERS

the addressses of organisations dealt with in previous issues are appended:

The Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.
The Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, London.
The N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.
The Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1.
Royal National Lifeboat Institution, 42, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
The Salvation Army, 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.
Dr. Barnado's Homes, Barnado House, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

Thousands of Crippled Children are looking for SANTA CLAUS!

Crippled and ill-nourished and poor, they are gazing with bright eyes through the gay shop windows—at gifts that can never be theirs.

Or **can** they? That depends on **you!** Just a new top, a pretty doll . . . or something more needful, like a food hamper, strong boots and heavy woollies, or **cash to buy them.** But **anything,** and quickly please, to the

SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY

AND RAGGED SCHOOL UNION (1844)

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
Treasurers: Sir CHAS. SANDERS, K.B.E., and WALTER SCOLES, Esq.

8,300 Cripples registered and assisted. 177 Associated Missions in poorest London.

Anything you send will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary:
Mr. Arthur Black,
John Kirk House, 32, John St., London, W.C.1

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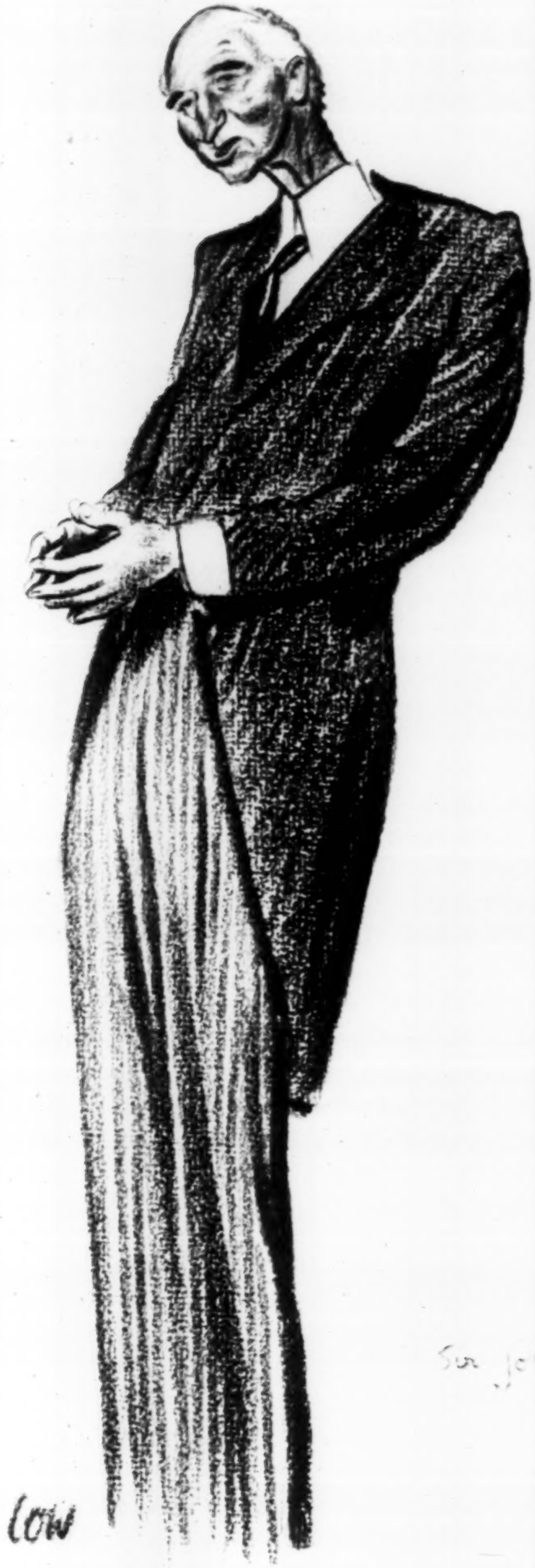

Sir John Simon